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Tom Bethell
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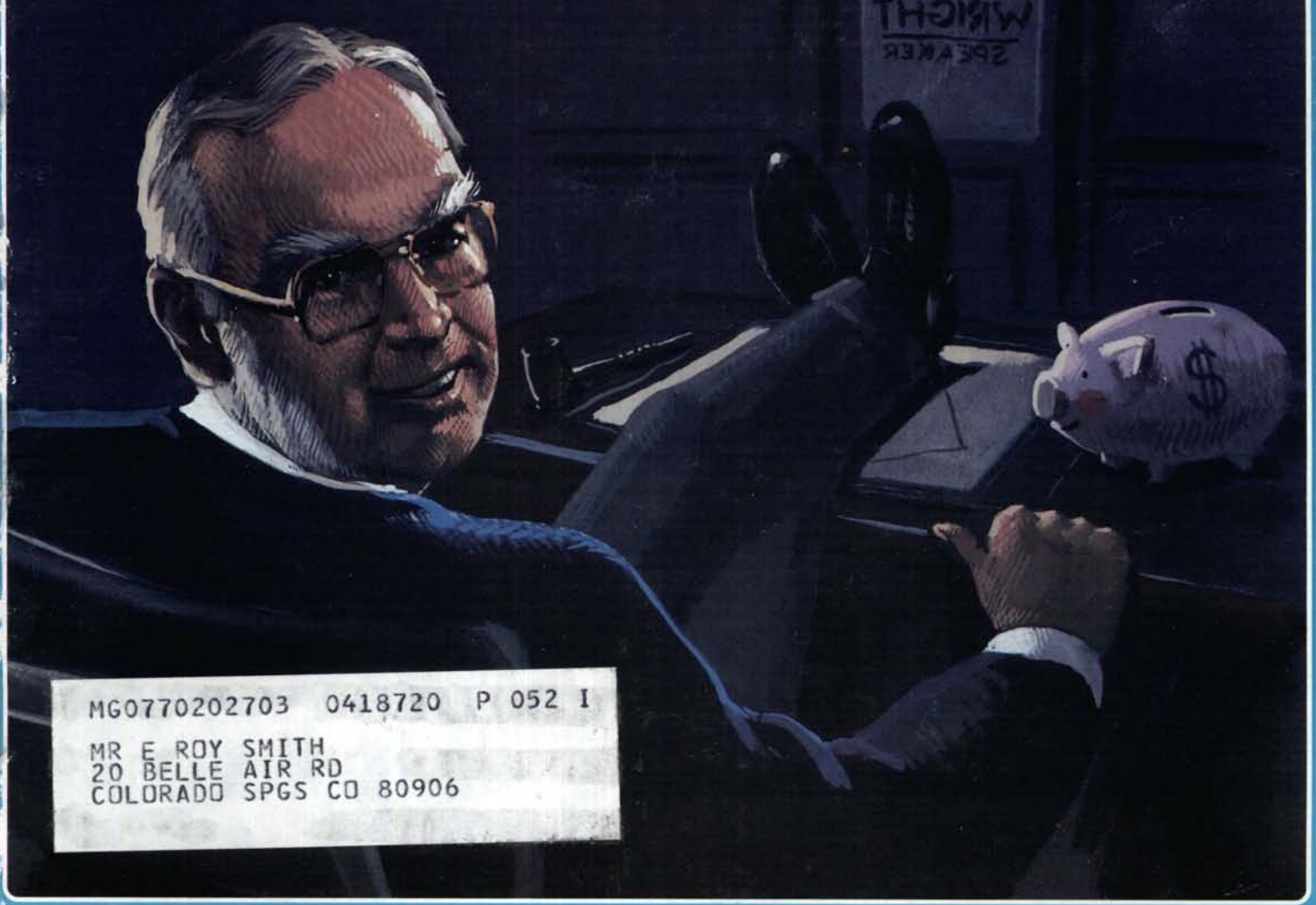
NATIONAL REVIEW

Cort Kirkwood:
The Jim Wright Scandals



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George Smith on Jimmy's Judges

• *TERRY TEACHOUT ON DAN RATHER'S FURROWED BROW* •

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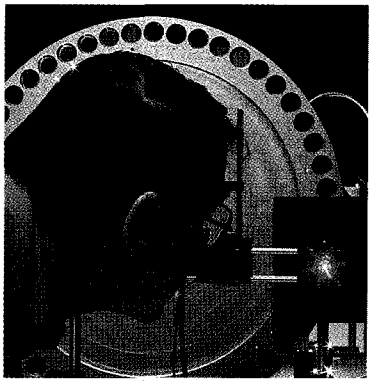
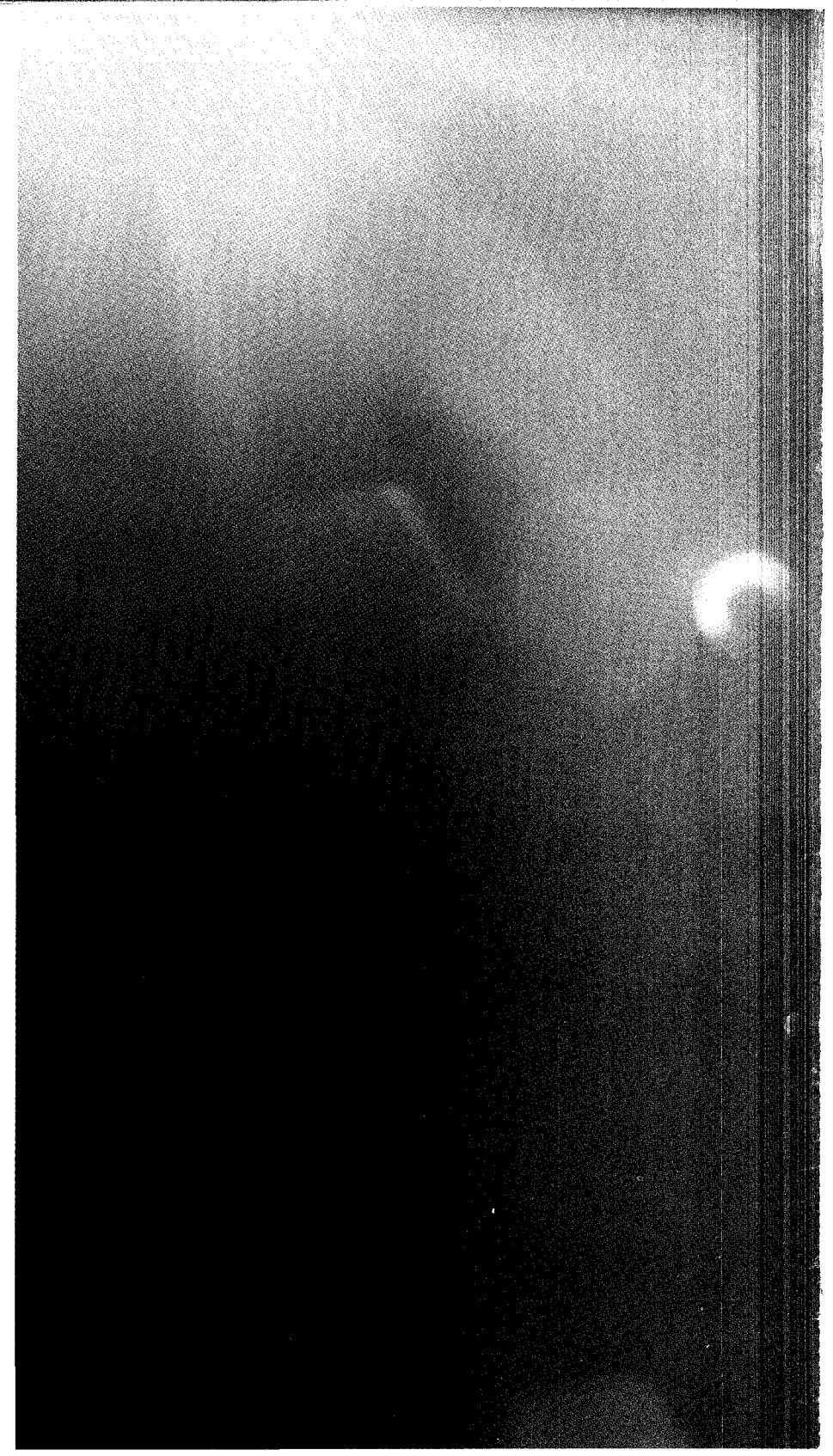


"My job is to plug spacecraft into the sun."



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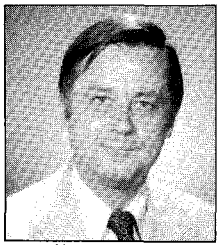
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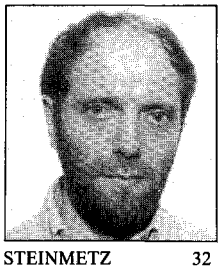
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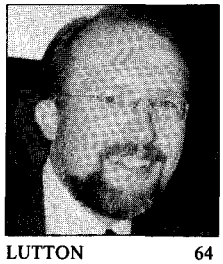
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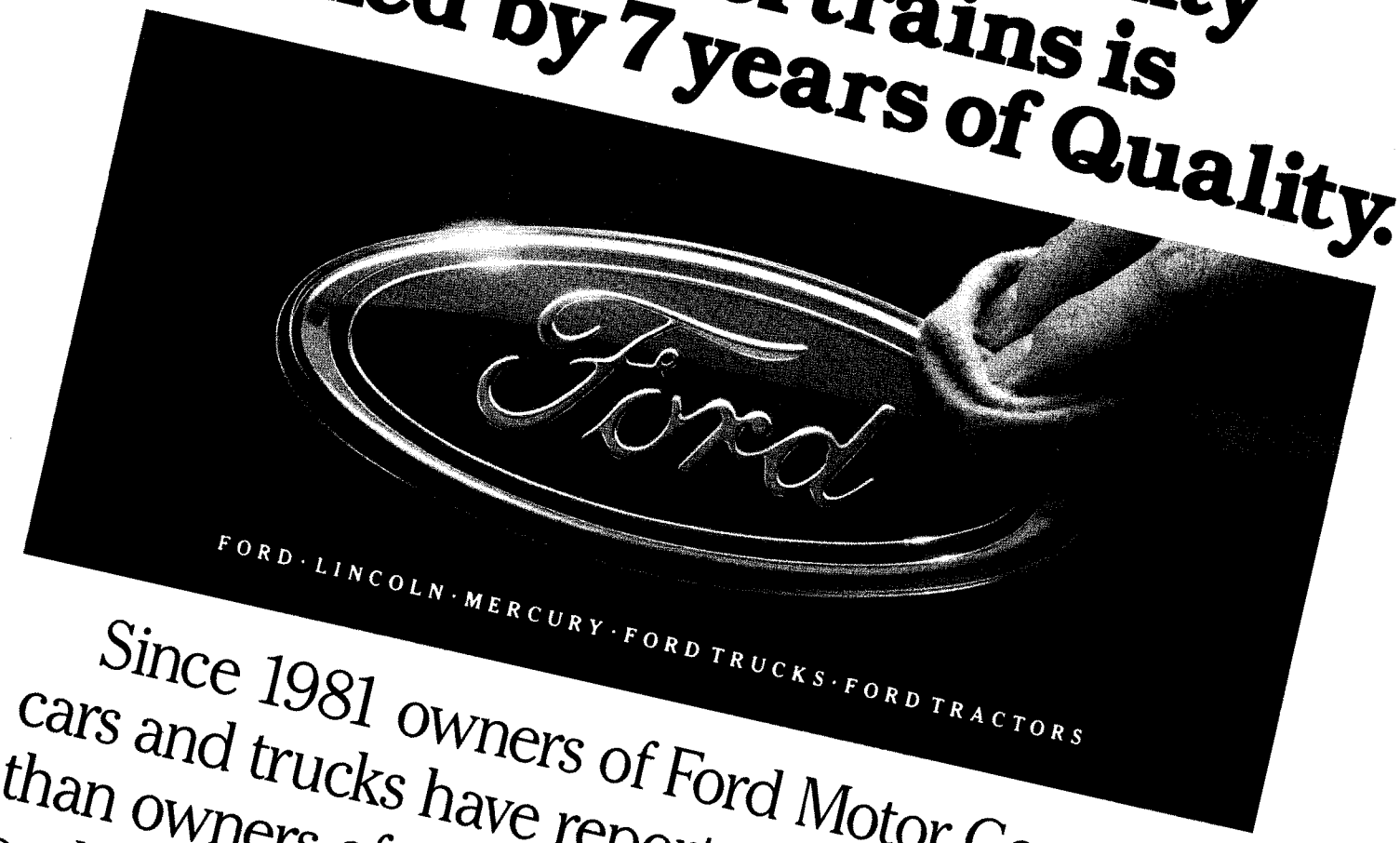

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LETTERS

Allan Bloom's America

NR took the easy way out in the October 9 Campus Issue, using Allan Bloom's name without fully examining his ideas. While many of his particular criticisms of today's campus are ones conservatives can use (we invented them, after all), his central thesis is not at all conservative—nor is Bloom. What is most frustrating is that your writers, particularly Messrs. Podhoretz and Brookhiser, floated elements of a first-rate critique of Bloom, but didn't put it together. What is missing is a sense of how Bloom and his ilk are also at fault for the problems they blame on "extremists of the Left and of the Right."

Podhoretz, although too reverent toward Bloom in the first half of his piece, hit on a key problem: it is not the people but the intellectuals who are at fault. Missing this fact, Bloom finds the cure in more of the disease. Brookhiser, by implication, knocks Bloom's edifice to pieces by pointing out our native philosophical follies.

To be blunt, Bloom is implacably hostile to that which makes America great: each man's control of his own life and the elites' control of as little as possible. America was saved from the worst Enlightenment radicalism by the moderates who wrote the Constitution. Americans' passions are our own, to be spent on faith, philosophy, war, or good bourgeois life. Rock is OK.

Bloom follows Plato, prescribing for the rest of the community what is best only for the philosophical few; indeed, he would have us believe that all philosophers have done so. Nothing could be more repugnant to an American.

Bloom has been portrayed as an intellectual warrior in the fight for educational excellence; that he may be. But in the battle for the heart of America, the philosopher who would make our highest beliefs a lie is no ally.

David Ney Gardey
Chairman, The Party of the Right
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Remembering James Burnham

Surely the most informative contribution to your September 11 issue, dedicated to James Burnham's memory, was Burnham's own, the excerpt from *Suicide of the West*. To read it makes the heart pound. But, of course, the most endearing was Priscilla Buckley's closing encomium, which made me laugh and cry both. Through her efforts and those of the other contributors, I, though I never met the man, feel the measure of the loss all of you must feel now, and perhaps already felt in 1978.

John S. Meyer
Des Plaines, Ill.

I was interested in Burnham's Law No. 2, "Who says A must say B." We Italian squares (there are still some of us left) have a similar precept: "*Chi dice 'amore' deve pensare 'bambino.'*"

I'm puzzled by Law No. 6; I know what Schlamm is, but not *a* Schlamm. Please clarify.

Tom Power
Brighton, Mass.

A Schlamm is the man who provides the spanner for the works, the sand for the engine. Whatever his other qualities, he's the opposite of an "organization man." —LB

•

Like others of undergraduate age, I first encountered Burnham through Orwell's criticism, which fired my intense interest. ("The inspiration for *1984*!") Then, after a bit of searching, I found the man's actual works, and reading them helped transform my indifferent liberalism into something hard, questioning, critical—leading me to abandon the pseudo-Marxian faith of the Academy and to take up my first copy of *NR*. For this happy education I am tremendously indebted. Indeed, without James Burnham's writings, the world would be a far more bewildering place for many of us. In the shadow of his loss I take heart from the belief that this great man will have more than a few successors.

Patrick A. Berzinski
Bloomfield, N.J.

When I die, I hope someone remembers me in words as graceful as the ones Priscilla Buckley wrote in memory of James Burnham.

Terry Teachout
New York, N.Y.

The Cory Story

Max Singer's long article on Cory Aquino [Aug. 14] is wrongly focused. There

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is nothing seriously wrong with anything Singer says, but he misses or trivializes the basic issues, which are: 1) Mrs. Aquino is campaigning for the Nobel Peace Prize and hence fails to face up to her government's most urgent duties: fighting the NPA insurgency and keeping at least minimal peace and order; 2) she cannot run a government with human-rights lawyers who like Communists and hate the military; 3) she treats the armed forces like the enemy, and so she has made most of them her enemy; 4) the U.S. Government adores its golden girl, who can do no wrong.

Lewis E. Gleeck Jr.
Manila, The Philippines

Hissing Hess

Sometimes I just don't know. For years I've been a true disciple of NATIONAL REVIEW, and have looked to it almost exclusively for insight or for help in organizing my own thoughts about certain issues before the land. And if a catchy syntax suited me, I've even memorized a line or two to use in disarming my liberal friends.

But what on earth led you to run that "Rudolf Hess, RIP" thing ["The Week," Sept. 11]? I read it over three times just to see if I could support the thought behind it. It is very hard for me to imagine that Hess's "mission of humanity" was spirited by righteous indignation over the way things were going back in the Fatherland. And I sure as heck can't believe that Hitler's own deputy would not have been an integral player in the development of the Final Solution. Plans like that just don't get hammered out and implemented in only eight months, which is all the time Hess was out of the action before the plan was kicked off.

I don't think any of your readership would have felt neglected if *NR* hadn't been moved to concern itself with the solace of Herr Hess's remains.

Brian A. Lee
Upper Saddle River, N.J.

The Right Addresses

In Jude Wanniski's "Can Kemp Do It?" [Aug. 14], he failed to include the address of the Kemp for President Committee.

(Here's hoping he can.)

Joe Ferrette
North Bellmore, N.Y.

I have two questions about the Pete du Pont candidacy ["How Dark a Horse?" "The Week," Aug. 28]: Where has this man been hiding? and, How can I get in touch with his campaign? I watched "Pete" on a talk show several weeks ago and was overwhelmed. He might be a dark horse, but he looks like a knight in shining armor to me!

Doris Ann Samples
Dallas, Tex.

The addresses are: Jack Kemp for President, 1815 North Fort Meyer Drive, Suite 700, Arlington, Va. 22209; and: Pete du Pont for President, P.O. Box 1988, Rockland, Del. 19732. —MQC

I found the article "The Presbyterian Moment" by Dan Ritchie [July 31] to be very informative. Would you publish the address of Presbyterians for Democracy and Religious Freedom?

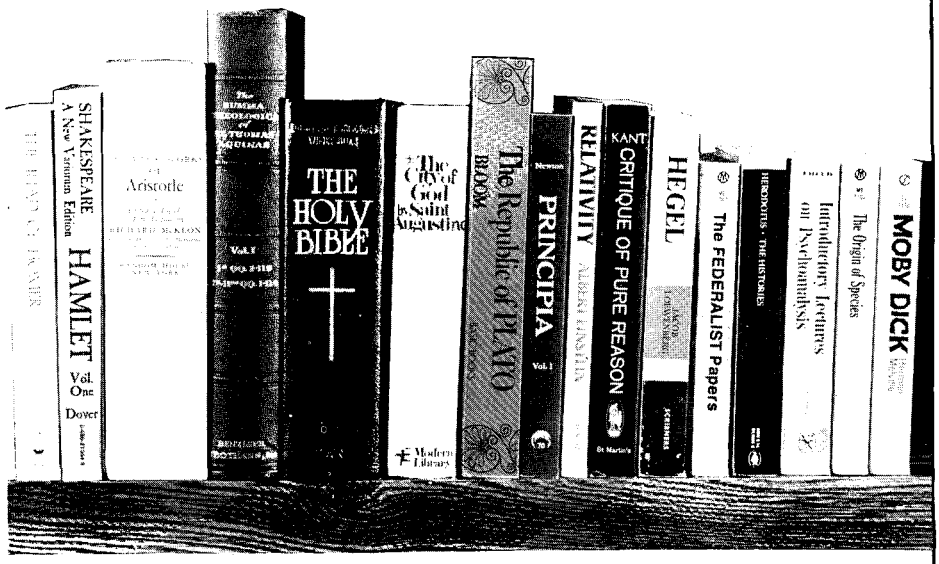
Jo Ann Thigpen
Metairie, La.

The address is: PDRF, First American Center, 20th Floor, Nashville, Tenn. 37238. —MQC

No NOW, No How

Your editorial "NOW Now" [Aug. 14]

The key to opening the American mind?



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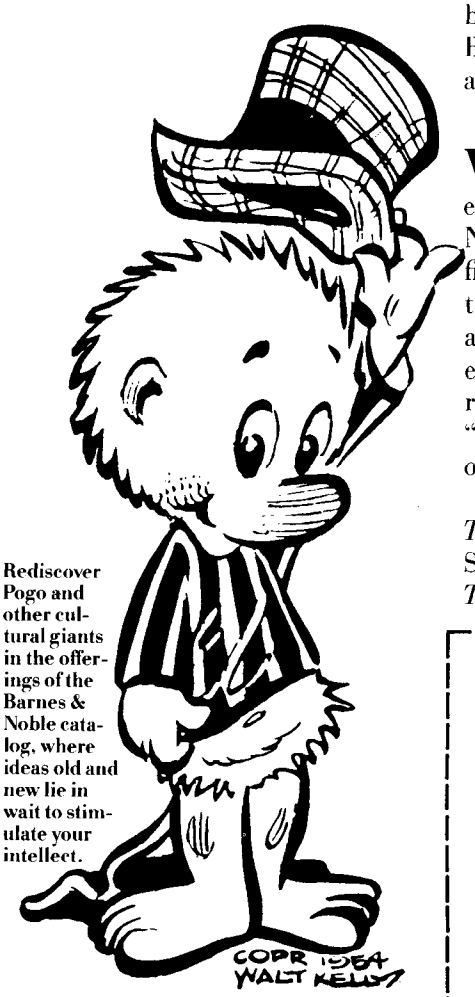

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2. Mail subscription (paid and/or requested)	117,545	117,306
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D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,511	1,504
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F. Copies not distributed		
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Edward A. Capano, Associate Publisher.

arrived a few days after a Pittsburgh radio station asked its listeners to phone in their vote on the question: Will the NOW position (picket the Pope, impeach Reagan, bash Bork) help or hurt that organization? Pittsburghers voted 1,860 to 65 that NOW's position would hurt NOW and its causes. This from the home town of Eleanor Smeal and Molly Yard, NOW's former and present national presidents.

John G. Arch
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oops.

"The Week" [Sept. 11] carried an eight-sentence commentary on Charles Krauthammer of *The New Republic*.

Sentence No. 1 describes Mr. Krauthammer as "the trenchant middle-of-the-road essayist." Sentence No. 2 calls him a "moderate." Comes Sentence No. 8, and the gentleman is "a prominent liberal."

That I might assume the proper bias when I next come across Mr. Krauthammer, would you please assign him his correct category? Do I read him with a jaundiced eye, as would be his due if he be "a prominent liberal"? Or with a semi-jaundiced eye, as I would any lily-livered "middle-of-the-road essayist," especially a trenchant one?

Until I hear from you, I will refrain from reading him at all, lest I be seduced. I live by Holy Writ and by the adjectives of your editorial staff.

(Rev.) Edward B. Connolly
Pottsville, Pa.

Vanessa Horne's article about Chile [Aug. 28] was interesting, but it contained an all-too-common error. She translated the Spanish phrase "*estado de sitio*" as "state of siege." Although "state of siege" is a word-for-word translation, the phrase means "martial law." When they read that Santiago was in a State of Siege, half the people imagine the city *under siege*, which would be quite different from the martial law Pinochet's government had declared.

Hugh Caddess
San Antonio, Tex.

Better Luck Next Time

One expects linguistic sloppiness from liberal journalists, so it annoys but no longer shocks when they confuse "fame" and "notoriety," use "comprised" for "composed," pronounce "route" as if it meant "disorderly retreat," etc. I expect better from *NR*.

It's therefore disappointing to read, in the very first paragraph of Linda Bridges's (otherwise excellent) article on the Philadelphia Society [Aug. 28], the latest manifestation of liberal fuzzyspeak: "an historic occasion."

So far as I know, the Democrat-dominated Senate has not yet repealed the aspiration of the *h* in "history," nor the rule that "an" is used before vowel sounds only. One wonders whether those who refer to "an historic occasion" also refer to "an history book," "an house," or "an halfwit."

I suggest that Miss Bridges be assigned to write fifty times Kipling's famous lines about *h*, aspirated and otherwise:

It hain't the 'eavy 'auling that wears down the 'orses' 'oofs,
But the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway.

Michael H. Baum
Homewood, Ill.

Goodness! I might have expected to be accused of nostalgic Anglophilia—but "liberal fuzzyspeak"? Have liberals really gone back to "an historic"? (Joe Biden, maybe, if he's inspired by Gladstone that day.) By the way, all the examples Mr. Baum adduces have the accent on the first (or only) syllable; I can think of only a 'andful of such words (honor, honest, heir, hour and their derivatives) that anyone but Kipling's Cockney would nowadays pronounce without an audible h. —LB

Some Qum Lauds

"The Week" [Aug. 14] quips: "Tell that guy if he hits one of our ships he can kiss the Holy City of Qum good-bye."

The city of Qum is one of the holiest cities of Shi'ite Islam. Many devout Shi'ite Moslems are not great fans of Ayatollah Khomeini, and at least one is an admirer of your magazine. During World War II, would the Allies have bombed the Vatican in order to punish Mussolini? If the U.S. has a quarrel with the present Iranian regime it will do better sticking to military targets.

Ramin Hussein Siahpoosh
Boca Raton, Fla.

No Neusner Is Good Neusner

Jacob Neusner, reviewing Paul Johnson's *History of the Jews* [Aug. 14], complains that there cannot be a history of the Jews, only histories of individual Jews or some Jews at some time. I think there are few of us who are unaware of that. The review was patronizing, pedantic, and utterly devoid of charity. In fact, I found it everything that Johnson's loving and informative book is not.

Harry J. Keenan
Fairfield, Conn.

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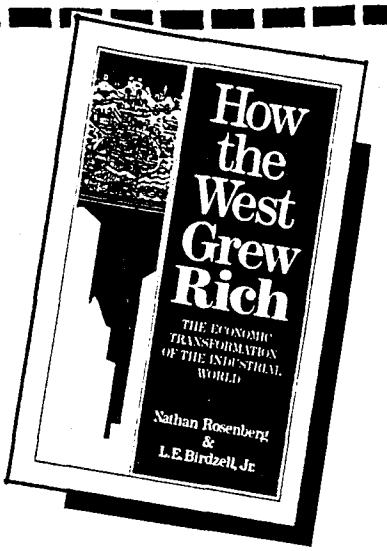

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FOR THE RECORD

It's maneuvering, arm-twisting, and second-guessing time in **Bork** campaign. Washington conservatives are tending to blame White House for downplaying battle. "The White House was figuring out that this was a real fight in September. We figured out it was a real fight in July," says **Patrick McGuigan** of Coalitions for America. "They came to the realization too late that this was going to be trench warfare," says **Daniel Casey**, executive director of ACU. . . . *Christian Science Monitor* has come up with list of federal judges—all conservatives—that **Ronald Reagan** might nominate if Bork goes down. Also being suggested: Sens. **Orrin Hatch** and **Paul Laxalt** (ex), both to the right of Bork. . . . Majority Leader **Robert Byrd**'s suggestion that Judiciary Committee send nomination to floor directly, without a committee vote, has won approval of two powerful Democrats, **Daniel Inouye** and **Alan Cranston**. "I would not counsel a filibuster [a tactic being considered by opposition]," commented Inouye. "Most of the people of the United States, whether for or against Judge Bork, would want a clear up or down vote." . . . Political entrail-readers believe Sen. **Howell Heflin**'s (D., Ala.) vote will sway other Southern senators with large black constituencies. Sen. **Bob Graham** (D., Fla.) agrees. . . . **Bill Bradley** (D., N.J.) has come out against Bork on the civil-rights business, which, comments one analyst, could affect **Sam Nunn**'s vote. Why? They are both seen as Democratic presidential candidates in 1992, that's why. . . . Two other undecideds, Democrats **Dennis DeConcini** (Ariz.) and **John Melcher** (Mont.), could lose support of Right-to-Life groups back home if they oppose Bork. "We see the Bork vote as the top pro-life vote," a pro-life activist told *The Political Report*.

Donegan, *Punch* / Rothco

"You're a woman, Murchison. I like that in an opportunist."

The level of the anti-Bork rhetoric has, if possible, gone downhill since **Teddy Kennedy**'s initial blathering. . . . **Renata Adler** in *The New Republic*: "The choice is inescapably between the nominee and the Constitution. If the nomination is confirmed [the Supreme Court] will resume around 1922 and the country will be unrecognizable for it." . . . "An individual who believes in turning the clock back on civil rights"—**Richard Gephardt**. . . . "Bork would be the most disastrous event in judicial history as I've known it as a defendant."—**Abbie Hoffman**. . . . "[It would] make a right-wing playground out of the Supreme Court." —**National Urban League**. . . . "Return to the days of the robber barons" —**Ohio AFL-CIO**. . . . "A serious blow to all freedom-loving Americans" —**Center for Constitutional Rights**. . . . "[Bork] would relegate the Bill of Rights to the scrap heap of history." —**Martin McCaffery**, Civil Liberties Union of Alabama. . . . "The most senseless nomination in the history of the U.S. Supreme Court"—Rep. **John Conyers** (D., Mich.).

In the upcoming presidential caper, *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** finds things looking rosy for GOP. Recent *Post*/ABC News poll indicates **George Bush** and **Robert Dole** are the only people of either party that a majority of all voters consider "basically qualified" to be President: 80 per cent have confidence in Bush's qualifications, 74 in Dole's. . . . Same day, same page, liberal columnist **Richard Cohen**, commenting on **Hart-Biden** exits, added: "This generation of Democratic candidates may have a rendezvous with oblivion." . . . AEI analyst **Norman Ornstein** says Biden's departure "reinforces the image of a Democratic Party which cannot manage its affairs. . . . Democrats keep producing candidates who have blown up." . . . Some, like **Pat Schroeder**, blow up even before reaching the starting gate.

Causes for rejoicing: **H. Joachim Maitre** has been named dean of Boston University College of Communication, a controversial appointment given Maitre's hard-line politics. He recently set up a journalism course in Pakistan for Afghan resistance fighters. . . . *New York* magazine reports former *NR* editorial assistant **Paul Gigot** will take on *Wall Street Journal* column recently relinquished by **Suzanne Garment**. Gigot was a White House Fellow last year. . . . United States Business and Industrial Council Education Foundation's first International Freedom Award will go to Count **Nikolai Tolstoy**, author of *Stalin's Secret War* and many other books. . . . *NR* columnist Pastor **Richard John Neuhaus** will be featured speaker at 25th anniversary of Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies on Oct. 22, at Essex House in New York. . . . *The American Spectator* will celebrate its 20th in Washington, Nov. 4. (For info contact **Patricia Fernandez**, P.O. Box 75961, Washington, D.C. 20013.)

Daily Telegraph of London gossip column reports rumors that Teddy Kennedy may resurface as a Democratic presidential candidate in '88. Its comment: "If this odious man, perhaps the most odious member of a remarkably odious American family, should by malign fate be elected President of the United States he will be the last President."

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THE WEEK

☐ What Biden, Kennedy, and Metzenbaum are really worried about is that Bork will repeal their *Miranda* rights.

☐ "Then it don't matter. Then I'll be all around in the dark. I'll be everywhere, wherever you look. Wherever there's a fight, so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever there's a cop beating up a guy, I'll be there."—Tom Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck. "There will be other presidential campaigns. And I'll be there out front. I'll be there. There'll be other opportunities. There'll be other battles, other places, other times, and I'll be there. And I'll be there . . ."—Joe Biden's speech announcing he would give up his presidential bid in order to concentrate on defeating Judge Bork; as if certain disclosures about lying and plagiarism had nothing to do with it. Joe, you're in a class by yourself, and near the bottom as usual.

☐ Secretary of Education William Bennett spent Constitution Day in Nicaragua, baiting the bear in his den. The Secretary put some pretty radical ideas before his invited audience of a thousand U.S. citizens and notable Nicaraguans; he spoke of the universality of the Founders' ideals, and made a good case for the Contras as the modern equivalent of the Founding Fathers: "Now, as then, tyranny and liberty are the alternatives. Now, as then, brave men and women fight to secure the blessings of liberty. Now, as then, brave men and women have pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in that struggle. And now, as then, the world watches." That's what they call education.

☐ There is science, and then there is the penumbra of science—not to put too fine a point on it, the superstition of scientific authority. *Four out of five doctors recommend Sweeney's toothbrush.* In the September issue of *Commentary* magazine, Angelo M. Codevilla of the Hoover Institution, who has done his homework, plunges headfirst into the anti-SDI *Report to the American Physical Society of the Study Group on Science and Technology of Directed-Energy Weapons.* The *Report* is a fraud. It hemorrhages with factual and arithmetical errors. It was designed for page-one treatment by the *New York Times*, which, of course, it received. You would be foolish to buy a used toothbrush from one of these "scientists."

☐ Students at Brown were the first to stage sham "citizens' arrests" of visiting CIA recruiters, charging the astonished bureaucrats with "crimes against humanity." Now Brown's Center for Foreign Policy Development has entered into a sisterhood agreement with the Soviet Union's Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada, the powerful Soviet organ, headed by Georgi Arbatov, that is devoted to the gathering of intelligence and the dissemination of propaganda and disinformation in and about North America. The Center and the Institute will conduct and publish research together, hold joint conferences—that sort of thing. Next thing you know, the KGB will be opening a branch office on Thayer Street. No civil disobedience this time, though. No black armbands. No candlelight vigils. No rallies on the Green. . . .

☐ So far, a plagiarist, a philanderer, two poseurs, a braggart, two liars, two moral flunk-outs, a vindictive ideologue, and an academic ninny have dropped out of the presidential race, in the party of new ideas. And that's just the first two guys to go.

☐ Theodore Draper, the diplomatic historian of the *New York Review of Books*, turned his attention recently from World War II to the Iran-Contra affair, and he did not like what he saw. The third Boland Amendment was "broad enough to prohibit any covert activity." Draper quotes Boland himself—"there are no exceptions to the prohibition"—and ends with a fine harrumph: "No one at the time had any doubt that it was designed to stop all manner of possible

A Splendid Little Action

The infra-red revealed a mine;
The 'copter never faltered.
Then missiles hit the water line
And Gallup polls were altered.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NELSON MANDELA will be a free man by February, well-placed sources here say. The South African government is eager to form a national council with black members, but cannot enlist black moderates without Mandela's release. While the government is at it, it may also let out several less famous prisoners, including Govan Mbeki, a former leader of the ANC, whose son Thabo is currently a top ANC leader.

But the U.S. Congress might yet manage to queer the deal. "If there's a fresh package of tough sanctions, the South Africans may shelve the release," warns John Montgomery, deputy director of Washington's South Africa Foundation. "Because of domestic political pressure from Afrikaners and the extreme Right, the government won't do anything that looks like capitulation." Significantly, California Democrats Ron Dellums and Alan Cranston have introduced legislation in the House and Senate, respectively, that would repeal last October's Anti-Apartheid Act and install much more drastic measures. But even though hearings have been scheduled for late October, Hill insiders don't expect to see any floor action on these bills this session. "South Africa is no longer on the evening news," explains a House Foreign Affairs staffer. The Administration says sanctions haven't worked, and it will oppose the Dellums-Cranston initiative.

Gorbachev's embrace of Ronald Reagan's zero-zero option will benefit the GOP in 1988. Initially, all treaties are welcomed, rather like children, who are lovable until their characters emerge. This new round of détente may turn sour—but that is for posterity. What matters now politically is how the Euromissile agreement looks while the ink is fresh. The White House can credibly boast that this treaty is due to Reagan's bolstering of defense. Reagan, so the argument goes, has accomplished the nation's longest peacetime defense buildup. His rationale—that American behavior can influence Soviet behavior—has proved true. By competing actively with the Soviets in an arms race, Reagan brought the Russians to the negotiating table. Hence the GOP can claim that it, as a party, is better equipped to deal with the Soviets.

The Democrats, meanwhile, will try to depict this as a Reagan flip-flop: a lame-duck President, enfeebled by the Iran-Contra hearings, finally did what should have been done years ago, viz., agreed to an arms treaty.

Reagan's ultra-cautious White House may decline to press its public-relations advantage for fear that injecting a strain of partisanship into Reagan's final triumph might prejudice Senate ratification. That, as the paronomasia goes, would be the ultimate snatching of defeat from the jaws of victory.

What do Chic Hecht and Michael Jackson have in common? Both star in videos. The singer is promoting his new album, *Bad*, and the Senator is promoting his new album of congressional accomplishments. But don't watch for Hecht on MTV. The Senator has put together a 15-minute video presentation and is experimentally showing it to Washington types as well as to visitors from his home state, Nevada.

Hecht is on to something. Newsletters, the traditional megaphone for lawmakers' crowings, are obsolescing. Can videos replace them? Hecht is the only member of Congress thus far to produce a "video newsletter" (his characterization). Since video correspondence is a new phenomenon, the Rules and Ethics Committees are still puzzling over how to deal with it. Playing it safe, Hecht declined to use the franking privilege—which exempts official mail from postage costs—in distributing the tape; instead, he used campaign money. He was also scrupulous in keeping it from becoming a campaign ad in content; the video is predominantly informational.

Hecht's press secretary, Michael Miller, admits that the impetus for the video came from the Nevada news media's negative treatment of Hecht during his first campaign and his first term. "They either ignore everything he does or take it out of context and ridicule it," says Miller, whose background is in TV news. Miller feels that video is the most effective way to document Hecht's activities and counter the distortions of local coverage. "To show the Senator in the Oval Office with the President has an incredibly greater impact than to write that they had a meeting," Miller points out.

Whether or not video replaces the congressional newsletter, it looks like the wave of the future in campaigning. Many candidates will forsake television for video, mass-mailing 15- to thirty-minute tapes to voters and organizations for group viewing. With the proliferation of home VCRs, plus the relative economies of video distribution versus TV advertising, videos should be an effective strategy. Senator Hecht is already planning another video, which may be more political in content. Facing a tough re-election race in Nevada, probably against popular Democratic Governor Richard Bryan, he will need all the resources he can muster. —CATO

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military funding . . . in any form." But the gods are just, and a fortnight later, L. Gordon Crovitz, an editor at the *Wall Street Journal*, published a piece in *Commentary* neatly pricking Draper's gas-bag. Sure, Boland said there were "no exceptions": he had been engaged in a campaign to redefine his own amendments since the first one passed in 1982. Congress had approved Boland One as a compromise, specifically rejecting an amendment by then-Representative Tom Harkin that *would* have blocked all aid. Boland Three closed many loopholes, but not all of them: it was attached to a bill that did not include the President or the National Security Council in its purview, and it failed to include standard restrictive boilerplate ("Notwithstanding any other provision of the law, no funds may be appropriated under this or any other act . . ."). In short, Congress has been doing just what Colonel North said it was: "criminaliz[ing] policy differences between co-equal branches of government." Crovitz, take your A; Draper, repeat the course.

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Waitin' on Senator Heflin

How does he tilt? He likes to note
That bearded Alabamans vote,
But blacks are also on the rolls,
Responding to opinion polls,
As colleagues watch him swing and sway
And Howard Baker earns his pay.

W. H. VON DREELE

☐ Once the winds of change had blown the colonial powers out of black Africa, the world turned its attention to other things. Back on the ranch, that's when the real bloodshed started, thirty years of tribal wars, massacres, atrocities, horrors. Corrupt leaders seized power, stole their peoples' birthright, and applied ill-understood socialist nostrums that soon had much of the continent on the verge of starvation. And nobody seemed to care. So long as it wasn't a white man beating up on a black man, the West seemed unconcerned. Occasionally one of the tyrants would go too far—an Idi Amin, an Emperor Bokassa—and he would be replaced. Now it appears that Mikhail Gorbachev's henchman in Ethiopia, Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, has joined this group. Mengistu's harsh resettlement and collectivization program has once again brought Ethiopia to the verge of starvation, and two U.S. congressmen—Toby Roth, Republican of Wisconsin, and William Gray, Democrat of Pennsylvania—have said: Enough. They have introduced a resolution calling for sanctions against Ethiopia until such time as Colonel Mengistu stops abusing his people. Ethiopia is ranked as the world's worst violator of human rights by the *World Human Rights Guide*. What is heartening about the situation is that Representative Gray is a member (and former vice chairman) of the Congressional Black Caucus, and his sanction drive is supported by a number of other Caucus members.

☐ An interesting sidelight on East German boss Erich Honecker's visit to West Germany last month is the considerable concern it has aroused in Poland, where nightmares about a reunified Germany have plagued both the populace and the regime for over forty years. The Soviet Union also abhors the thought of a united Germany (it engineered its division in the first place), but it is not above paying lip service to the idea. Successive leaders in the Kremlin have learned to conjure up the specter of a united Germany in order to remind the restless populations of Eastern Europe that the USSR is their only security against German revanchism. Soviet hints of possible reunification have also proved a marvelous method for ensuring West Germany's continuing addiction to *Ostpolitik*.

☐ The first issue of the new *MediaWatch* (Brent Bozell III, Brent Baker) is out, and it's right on target. It looks at how the media reported a massacre last July in the Mozambican village of Homoine in which 386 men, women, and children died. The Marxist regime in Maputo reported that the killings had been carried out by anti-Communist Renamo freedom-fighters who came in, guns blazing. And that was how the story was run here. *MediaWatch* says that of a total of 26 stories it monitored in the U.S., "only one could be considered an independent report." Most of the media took the government's handouts at face value; only NBC actually sent a reporter to the scene. Few stories reported that Renamo's office in London had denied any involvement, or that, according to Renamo, the villagers were killed by soldiers of the crack North Korean-trained Zimbabwe Sixth Brigade, which Robert Mugabe had sent to aid his fellow Marxists in Mozambique. The Maputo government, incidentally, has forbidden outside observers to travel to the site of the massacre. (*MediaWatch*, a successor to *NewsWatch*, is now located at 6245 Wilson Boulevard, Suite 201, Falls Church, Va. 22044.)

☐ Representative Jack Kemp most graciously announces that *he* is not going to dance on Joe Biden's grave. We understand. As they say, it's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. *Mais oui.* May we?

☐ The city of Berkeley has banned chlorofluorocarbon fast-food containers, which basically means you may not suffer a Big Mac attack in Berkeley, California, courtesy of the pols. Never mind if you want the food. Fast.

☐ Justices William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, and John Paul Stevens recently presided at a Washington debate over who wrote Shakespeare's plays. All three ruled in favor of the traditional claimant over Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Glad to note that the Court finally found a precedent it could uphold.

Bork v. Senate

I. The Counterattack

AT THE LAST MINUTE—maybe past the last minute—the White House unleashed a counterattack in support of Judge Robert Bork. President Reagan, addressing a meeting of Concerned Women for America two weeks ago, said: "The charges that Robert Bork is too ideological are themselves ideologically inspired . . . The criticism of him as outside the mainstream can only be held by those who are themselves so far outside the mainstream that they've long ago lost sight" of it.

In part, the White House's late lurch into motion

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may have been a reaction to the forensic ambiguity of Bork's testimony. At one level, of course, Bork blew his inquisitors away. Viewers who watched the entire hearings on PBS or C-SPAN saw, on one side, a thoughtful, precise, well-spoken man of deeply judicious temperament; on the other, a posse of midgets, some of them—Senator Biden—able to follow the literal sense of Bork's words, though baffled by his intellectual drift; others—Senator Kennedy—reading through staff-written questions by rote, as comprehending as a ventriloquist's dummy. You might call it McCarthyism—Charlie McCarthyism. Look here upon this picture, and on this.

But on the ten-second bite on the evening news, which was what most Americans saw, all the subtle back-and-forth—the points taken or not taken—was lost, and the confrontation boiled down to co-equal snapshots of talking heads, which worked to Bork's disadvantage. He was not a fresh-faced Marine colonel, upholding a few plain propositions. The senators asked him some words, he answered with some words. It looked like a draw.

For the most part, however, the White House was simply rectifying its own early strategic blunder. Its first confirmation game plan, crafted by old Washington hands, was a classic insiders' play, relying on courtesy calls, stroking and dealing, and the effect of serious testimony by the nominee. If Capitol Hill were an isolation ward, it might even have worked. What it ignored was the dynamics of political pressure. The White House finally, and belatedly, acknowledged that it must generate some political pressure of its own on Bork's behalf.

II. The Attack

FOR THERE has been enormous and unprecedented pressure from the other side. It was unprecedented in scope. The entire Left, respectable and unwashed alike, jumped in on this one—the AFL-CIO, the American Federation of Teachers, the NAACP, B'nai B'rith Women, NOW, the National Abortion Rights Action League, People for the American Way, Democratic Socialists of America, the Communist Party. It was also unprecedented in sleaze and mendacity. Senator Kennedy's opening blast about coat-hanger abortions and backs of buses set the tone. Bork was later accused of money-grubbing (Senator Leahy), of supporting Jim Crow (Senator Metzenbaum), of supporting *Dred Scott* (Senator Simon), of supporting coerced sterilization (Senator Biden), of unfriendliness to writers (William Styron—though, come to think of it, unfriendliness to Styron wouldn't be such a bad idea, except some killjoy like Bork would probably point out that bills of attainder are unconstitutional). There was also, of course, Washington's version of Original Sin—Watergate.

An especially disturbing aspect of the attack was fingered by Griffin Bell, Jimmy Carter's Attorney General, who testified for Bork. "We have abandoned the constitutional process for confirming judges and we go on now into the Gallup Poll business." Week after week, the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* released polls showing public sentiment slipping from, turning against, abandoning Bork. As empirical scientific measurements, such polls are virtually worthless. The poll-takers not only choose the questions ("What do you think of Bork?" rather than, say, "What do you think of court-ordered busing? affirmative action? the *Miranda* decision?"). They also time the asking of the questions and the release of the answers; they shape the way the results are reported, or even whether they are reported at all. In an operation like this, polls work as finger and thumb with the assorted interest-group rabble-rousers. The latter throw cartloads of mud, after which the former verify that some of it has stuck. It is the democracy of a tent meeting. In the early days of the battle, some Bork supporters spoke as if a recalcitrant Senate threatened presidential prerogative. What is in fact being threatened is the independence of the judiciary.

III. The Liberal Mind

PERHAPS the most bizarre, though one of the most effective, lines of attack against Bork has been the charge of inconsistency. The Left began by demonizing him; then when he showed up at his confirmation hearings minus horns and tail, they accused him of trimming his convictions to get a job. Some conservatives have bought the argument. Anthony Lewis, getting out his long spoon, quoted Bruce Fein of the Heritage Foundation in a column of Bork-trashing. "Bork," complained Mr. Fein, "is bending his views to improve his confirmation chances, and it's a shame. His ambition perhaps exceeds his intellectual devotion."

The truth of the matter was set out by Joseph Goldstein, a Yale Law School professor and former colleague of Bork's. Bork, wrote Goldstein, "recognizes, and he asks the Senate to recognize, the difference between the classroom and the courtroom; between article, speech, brief, and judicial decision; between teacher, Solicitor General, and court-of-appeals judge. What he may have said or done in carrying out his duties in other settings must not be confused with what he will say or do as Justice Bork."

That temperament, respectful of roles and occasions, reflects Bork's process-oriented philosophy. *NR* has suggested ("The Week," September 25) that Bork's philosophy falls short of a perhaps unattainable ideal. The Constitution has collected more driftwood than an old sandbar; to dredge it clean may require, not merely speculating about the validity of such notions as the incorporation doctrine, as Bork has done, but overturning them.

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The point at issue now is that Bork is totally anathema to the agenda of liberals. They have not misunderstood him. They read him just right. A man who speculates one way but rules another is the opposite of a liberal, who requires commitment at all times and in all places. A judge who looks to the rules of the game can never appease a movement that is solely concerned with results, that understands rights to mean benefits. The impulse to result-oriented commitment has been built into an immense, sick structure by three decades of Supreme Court decisions. Bork, by intellectual conviction and temperament, threatens it. Hence the rage against him.

IV. The Reagan Record

RONALD REAGAN won two presidential elections in part because of public disgust with liberal excesses, including judicial ones. By appointing Sandra Day O'Connor and Antonin Scalia to the Court, and by making William Rehnquist Chief Justice, Reagan has honorably advanced the goals of his mandate. But to fulfill it, he must add Bork to the bench. His enemies, denied the psychological satisfaction of a crushing blow for seven years—even Iran-Contra was a partial fizzle—expect to get it on this one. The other side has gone ballistic. Reagan must do the same.

Stockmania Revisited

IN THE 1984 U.S. budget, we were informed that the deficit for 1987 would be at least $308 billion, and this figure assumed the economy would grow faster than it actually did. Even so, it turns out that the 1987 deficit will be half that large, about $155 billion. Tax revenues have been rising by over 9 per cent a year for the past four years, and by over 11 per cent in 1987 alone. The increase in federal tax revenues in 1987 was at least $84 billion, $20 billion more than expected, largely because tax rates went down.

President Reagan has signed revised Gramm-Rudman targets, which supposedly aim to cut the estimated 1988 deficit by only $23 billion—most of that coming from new taxes and less defense. With non-defense spending rising by $59 billion next year, to $789 billion, this is a rather feeble gesture at best.

However, the Congressional Budget Office recently underestimated 1987 tax receipts by almost as much as the intended $23-billion deficit reduction for 1988. Specifically, the budget accountants are understating the revenues from soaring capital gains and profits, as well as from reduced evasion and increased employment owing to lower tax rates.

The troubles with Gramm-Rudman are increasingly apparent. First, the law targets estimated deficits into the distant future, even though such estimates have been wildly incorrect in the recent past. Depending on whether the CBO or the executive branch's Office of Management & Budget is correct, the new law mandates a deficit of either $136 billion or $160 billion. Second, if the targets get uncomfortably tight, Congress simply raises them. The target of $72 billion for 1989 has thus been more than doubled, to $146 billion. Third, the process allows for no priorities between taxing or spending, defense or non-defense. President Reagan said he would not permit Congress to cut defense or increase taxes, but Gramm-Rudman could easily do both. Finally, this whole ritual of setting targets seems to detract attention from the more difficult task of abolishing or curtailing specific spending programs. In 1988, as in 1987, tax reform is going to do more for the deficit than Gramm-Rudman even hopes to accomplish.

A Grammar of Dissent

THE POPE VISITS. The crowds are enormous and enthusiastic. The progressive forces are less so, but the media promote and publicize little moments of tension between the Pontiff and "dissenters," as they are now called.

John Paul absorbed these minor histrionics calmly. When a Father McNulty hinted that he wished priests could marry, the Pope said he recalled a song that goes, "It's a long way to Tipperary." He impassively faced Jewish, feminist, and homosexual demonstrators and listened patiently to liberal bishops and assorted spokespersons. All seemed to think they were giving him big news. His demeanor suggested he had heard it all before, many, many times. Presumably even the Vatican has newspapers and TV sets.

The protestors are so used to being taken seriously that they overlook a rather obvious point: demonstrations have no demonstrative value. Liberal fads just aren't compelling enough to warrant diverting the Mississippi of tradition that is Catholicism. The most notable fact about the Pope's visit is that he kept his dignity and patience in the presence of some awfully silly people.

Experience Speaks

MEETING IN ATLANTA under the auspices of the Southern Center for International Studies, seven former Defense Secretaries supported the prospective agreement with the Soviet Union on the elimination of intermediate- and short-range missiles from Europe. The group consisted of Donald Rumsfeld, Clark Clifford, Elliot Richardson, James Schlesinger, Melvin Laird, Harold Brown, and Robert McNamara.

Three of these are men whose views deserve to

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be taken seriously. Perhaps their concurrence on the INF treaty was cataloguable under the heading of bowing to the inevitable, such is the momentum right now. Nevertheless, it is difficult to see how ceding the Soviets conventional military superiority on the European continent enhances the security of Western Europe or of the United States. Is even one Soviet tank to be destroyed, or one Soviet division demobilized, as a result of this "historic breakthrough"? Nothing is more certain than that the force imbalance created by this treaty will result in increasing—and increasingly successful—Soviet political pressure on Western Europe. A pernicious illusion exists to the effect that reducing the number of nuclear missiles in any category somehow enhances safety. It seems more likely to do the opposite.

Break out the champagne, the vodka, and the caviar. Reagan is "going down in history."

Factoid Time?

REPORTER ROBERT WOODWARD and his onetime collaborator Carl Bernstein were products of the 1960s and of a supposedly new theory of journalism that was much discussed at the time. In fact, it owed much to Hearst and Colonel McCormick, although it was given new pretentiousness by Hunter Thompson, Garry Wills, and Norman Mailer.

According to the new rules, a fact was important insofar as it fitted into a larger framework of interpretation. The interpretation was the thing. So *a priori* ironclad was this surrounding interpretation that missing facts could be intuited from the framework. And so the word "factoid" was born: a "factoid" was something that *must* have existed, at least "in some sense," according to the logic of that surrounding interpretive frame. Never mind whether it could be documented. The old responsibility to who-what-when-where-why-how journalism was being jettisoned.

The famous "Deep Throat" now appears to have been a factoid—in older terms, a fabrication. In Woodward's *Final Days*, such things as Henry Kissinger's private musings are no doubt factoids, as is much else in that book. Factoids seem to multiply in Woodward's book about the Supreme Court, *The Brethren*.

But the entire intellectual scandal may be coming to critical mass with Bob Woodward's forthcoming *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA 1981-1987*, now excerpted in *Newsweek*.

Woodward claims to have had dozens of interviews with William Casey, including one at his hospital deathbed. Casey's wife and the security guards outside Casey's hospital room say that Woodward never got inside the room, which seems highly probable. Woodward claims that the dying Casey, by then able only to nod, indicated that he knew of the funding diversion to the Nicaraguan freedom-fighters. Now, it isn't likely that Casey would break professional confidences, or volunteer personal assessments of friends, to an investigative reporter, let alone an investigative reporter from the *Washington Post*, let alone Bob Woodward.

Well, let's leave it that we all await the "Woodward Tapes." Hard evidence: not just his word. We will be hearing much more about this book, which may win the 1987 Janet Cooke Award.

Trade Fetish

THERE IS no reason why the urge to stomp out trade deficits should stop with the United States. True believers must not stop until every nation on earth has a trade surplus. Paine Webber has identified at least three villainous countries with trade deficits about the same size as ours, relative to the smaller size of their economies. The worst is Switzerland, with an estimated trade deficit amounting to 2.6 per cent of output this year, comparable with the United States' 2.5 per cent. Switzerland has no Harvard economists to tell it that budget deficits are the cause of trade deficits, so the country has a budget surplus.

De Angelis, *Il Popolo* / Rothco

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Hong Kong is another country that routinely runs a trade deficit and a budget surplus. Hong Kong's economic growth this year is estimated at 7 per cent, and the trade deficit is 2.3 per cent of GNP. An equally large trade deficit is expected in the United Kingdom, which has the fastest-growing economy in Europe. What all of these countries have in common with the United States is not budget deficits, but relatively strong capital formation and strong economic growth. Switzerland and Hong Kong have long been supply-side countries, with the lowest tax rates in Europe and Asia, and the United Kingdom is moving in that direction.

A British economist has recently suggested that the only solution to the U.S. trade deficit is a recession. (He did not make the same suggestion for his own country.) Strange priorities, but at least he didn't pretend that reducing a trade deficit necessarily boosts output and employment: he simply posited trade balance as the summum bonum, no matter what the cost.

If all the countries of the world tried to run trade surpluses by buying less, who could sell more? The world needs more Switzerlands and Hong Kongs, not more import-slashing austerity programs, either here or abroad.

The Gulf: An Important Success

FOR A WELCOME CHANGE, our high-tech military equipment actually worked under battle conditions. There was even inter-service coordination, with U.S. Army crews flying their helicopters from a Navy ship, and Navy commandos (SEALs) climbing aboard the riddled *Iran Ajr*.

The high-tech Army helicopters have special night-vision equipment; hovering nearby, they spotted the Iranian boat in the act of laying old-fashioned mines in the Gulf shipping lanes. Earlier in September, the *Iran Ajr* had been identified as suspect by U.S. Navy surveillance planes and by AWACS-equipped planes jointly operated by the U.S. and Saudi Arabia. The technical disproportion between the two sides is amazing; talk about breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.

As the Iranian sailors wheeled their mines into the water, our helicopters cut loose with rocket and machine-gun fire. Five Iranian sailors were killed and 26 captured, the latter reportedly proving helpful in locating mines previously laid.

In the United Nations, Iranian President Ali Khamenei made a fool of himself, and of the Teheran regime, by describing the *Iran Ajr* as a merchant ship and accusing the U.S. of murder. The official Iranian press agency ludicrously declared that the ship was carrying food to the port of Bushire, which allowed Secretary Weinberger to enjoy himself by remarking that "These things certainly weren't vegetables and fruits."

U.S. policy in the Gulf has been gaining credibility and muscle. Even our allies are now supporting it. The U.S. fleet in the area has been joined by British, French, Dutch, Belgian, and Italian vessels, token auxiliaries, to be sure, but symbolically important. It is time for the Japanese also to play an appropriate role, even if this requires amending the surrealistic constitution we imposed upon them.

It is doubtful, under the circumstances, that Congress will make a fuss under the War Powers Act. A congressional climbdown before the Ayatollah would not play very well in Grand Rapids. But a constitutional challenge to the War Powers Act ought to be high on the White House agenda.

The Iranians are, as usual, threatening terrorist retaliation. The President might reply that in that event, the Ayatollah will next see U.S. arms for which he did not need to pay.

The Snows of February

As Jeane Kirkpatrick met with Loeb,
And Bush—though not quite quoting Job,
What with the Biden corpse still warm—
Glared heavenward against the storm,
While Robertson, a caucus freak,
Kept Kemp and Dole stuck up the creek,
One (quoting Scarlett) had to say,
Tomorrow is another day.

W. H. VON DREELE

Little Steps

IN NICARAGUA, *La Prensa* has been allowed to reopen, and Radio Católica to broadcast again. This, and not much else, pursuant to the Central American peace plan.

An arbitrary relaxation of control, which can be followed at any time by an arbitrary tightening up, does not amount to democratization. Nicaragua remains *constitutionally* Marxist-Leninist. The army remains *constitutionally* subordinate to the Sandinista regime. Criticism and political opposition don't have the status of rights guaranteed by institutions independent of the ruling party.

President Reagan has listed a few steps the Sandinistas must take to prove they do want democracy and peace: releasing political prisoners, allowing religious freedom and independent labor unions, dissolving the "neighborhood watch committees," and sending Soviet and Cuban personnel away. That's just the short list, but it was enough to provoke the *New*

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York Times to accuse him of undermining the peace process: "From the Sandinistas' vantage, . . . there's something phony about Mr. Reagan's position."

It's gallant of the *Times* to try to see things from the Sandinistas' vantage, and to ask that it look at matters from Reagan's would no doubt be asking more than flesh—liberal flesh, anyway—can bear. What's striking is that the *Times* can't appreciate the vantage of *La Prensa*. Would the Paper of Record, especially in this bicentennial of the Constitution, settle for permission to publish only at the pleasure of the party in power?

All the peace plan has so far forced the Sandinistas to do is return to a modified version of the popular-front strategy that enabled them to gain a monopoly of power in the first place. That's a start, but no more. They have to be pressured to put their *dinero* where their *boca* is. How ironic that making substantive demands on them should be taken as proof that Mr. Reagan isn't bargaining in good faith.

Warning: Abortions Are Hazardous to Children and Other Living Things

DRAWING ON THE widespread consensus that abortion is undesirable, Gary Bauer, President Reagan's assistant for policy development, has come up with a new strategy: the government should discourage abortion in much the same way that it discourages smoking. A memo from Bauer aide Dinesh D'Souza (reported by William Raspberry) suggests a number of ways the President could discourage abortion, ranging from education on abortion alternatives to disallowing tax exemptions for abortion-related medical expenses. "Smoking is legal," D'Souza argues. "One can even talk about a right to smoke. But that is by no means inconsistent with government efforts to discourage people from smoking."

In spite of certain anomalies in the comparison (abortion is not a major health hazard to the post-natal public), the new approach has a definite appeal. It would counteract "pro-choice" rhetoric, which places immense pressure on young women to have abortions. And it would undermine the abortion ethos, which encourages men to believe they have no responsibility for children they don't order, and women to believe their unborn children are better off dead. Fourteen years and twenty million legal abortions after *Roe* v. *Wade*, Americans remain uneasy about abortion, yet unwilling to impose a total ban on it. A pro-natal policy would break the abortion gridlock, and might touch that secret place, hidden in the heart of any healthy society, which understands that children are not, after all, such a fearsome burden, but a gift to be treasured—even when they arrive, like rude houseguests, at unpropitious times.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Is it true that the payment Howard Metzenbaum gained for real-estate brokerage, divided by the number of pages Joe Biden plagiarized, multiplied by the number of hours before the police were told of Ted Kennedy's Chappaquiddick accident, equals Judge Bork's chances for confirmation?

Solemnly,
John Shaffer
Canton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Shaffer: Bingo! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am somewhat disappointed in the continued propagation of two popular myths.

First, in your July 31 issue, on page 16, upper right corner, a reference is made to Lee Harvey Oswald as though he were the assassin of JFK. Unless LHO had a rifle whose shots acted like a boomerang, he did not fire the fatal shot. The laws of motion require an opposite and equal reaction for each action. Upon impact, the body of JFK falls to his left and to the rear. The fatal shot originated from JFK's right front from about the 10 o'clock position, with the hood ornament representing 12 o'clock. Had the fatal shot been fired from behind, the body should have fallen forward.

Second, referring to sodomites by their self-proclaimed title "gay." The question I ask myself is, "What is so gay about sodomy?" Surely an individual with as great a vocabulary and as great a knowledge as WFB could devise a suitable substitute.

Cordially,
Edward MacIsaac
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Mr. MacIsaac: We do not traffic, at NATIONAL REVIEW, with grassy-knollers. They have been forbidden for ten years. We say: If Lee Harvey Oswald didn't kill JFK, someone else with the same name did. . . . Re "gay," we see your point, and mourn the loss of a fine word, but—after a while—there is no law save usage. See my Introduction to *The American Heritage Dictionary*. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was about to write to you and present my theory, that the Political Acuity Quotient (PAQ) of a liberal is inversely related to the number of times said liberal

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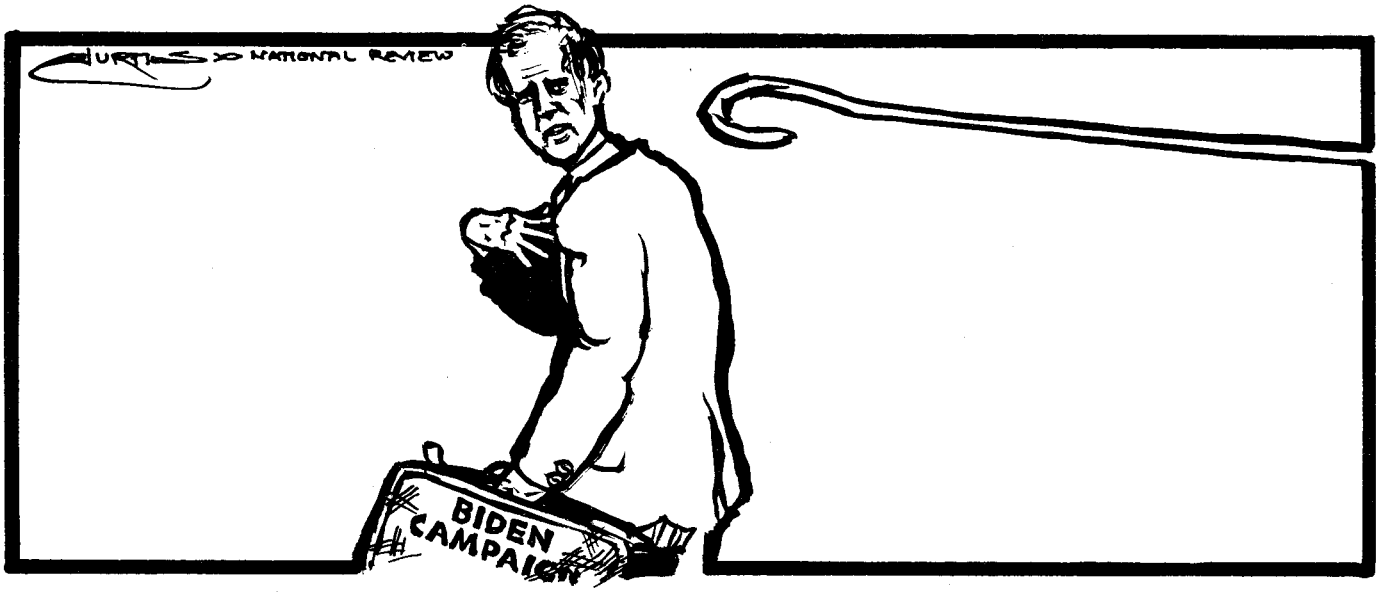

"It is a far, far better thing that I do . . ."

uses the word "fascist" in a given political discussion or debate, when I remembered something:

Liberals have *no* political acuity.

Excuse the memory lapse.

Asking forgiveness,
Alexei M. Marcoux
Senior, University of San Francisco
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In response to those who complain about the address sticker being placed on the cover of NATIONAL REVIEW:

—The dimensions of the sticker are 1 by 3 7/16 inches, giving a total of 3.4375 square inches.

—The dimensions of the cover are 8 5/16 by 11 inches, giving a total of 91.4375 square inches.

—The address label takes up only 3.759398496 per cent of the cover.

—In the larger scheme of things the address sticker takes up a mere 0.058740601 per cent of a 64-page *NR*.

The amount of space the address sticker occupies is so insignificant (0.06 per cent) it is not even worth discussing any further.

Sincerely,
Scott Lang
Student
Barrington, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lang: Very well, we shan't. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Emboldened by the recent spate of silly queries about everything from your shirt collars and cravats to the chairs on the *Firing Line* set, I thought it timely to ask about your choice of *plumes*.

Why are you always accoutered with that burgundy thing rather than one of the more conspicuous writing instruments currently in vogue? Is it merely another manifestation of A-S debellishment and understatement, or is the attachment something sentimental? Perhaps there's an anecdote we cultists could savor. Do tell.

Sincerely,
R. N. Riegel
Bellmore, N.Y.

P.S.: My Jermyn Street shirtmaker informs me that while button-down collars are less than proper for Englishmen whilst in town, such shirting is perfectly acceptable for Americans as it intimates "their rebellious nature."

P.P.S.: Think not ill of our triflings as they afford some of us a venue to supplement our inventory of "bons mots" by laboring through the *OED*; *usus promptos facit.*

P.P.P.S.: Saw your special *Firing Line* debate a few weeks ago. Who were those guests again?

Dear Mr. Riegel: Some editors (I am one) like superfine pen points so they can squiggle in their corrections more or less visibly. Fifteen years ago, Dan Oliver, then a junior editor, now chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, told me that the way to go was with a Parker Pen Extra Fine Point. I complained that they were too expensive, and he said that the way to handle that problem was to stop losing them at the rate I was doing to my 59-cent Ritepoints. Whee!—it worked. There was the problem that, a year ago, Parker eliminated the firetruck red, and slipped into the auburn that now vexes you. Mr. Oliver is bringing insights of similar distinction to the FTC. Cordially, **—WFB**

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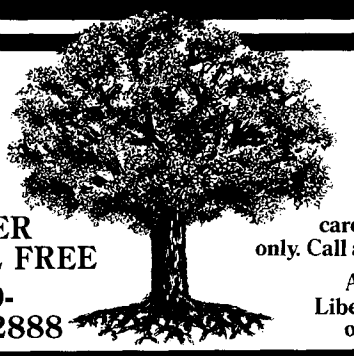

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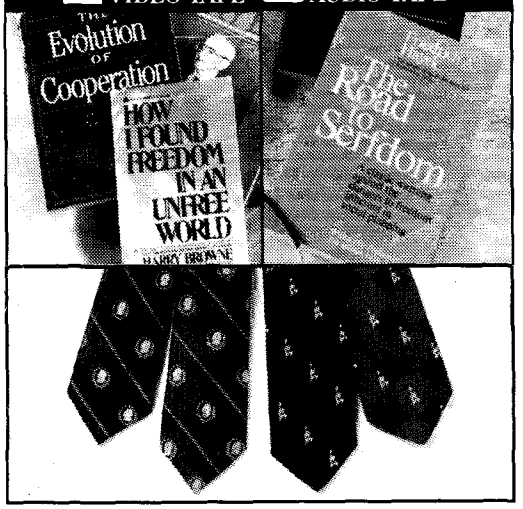

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BANKING ON DEREGULATION

FINANCIAL FORECASTERS are saying that "superbanks" are the wave of the future. Superbanks will be very large banks, comparable in size to the giant financial institutions of Japan and Europe, and, like them, engaging in securities underwriting as well as traditional banking activities. The reason we don't have such institutions is, essentially, the 1929 Crash, which was blamed in part on the entanglement of banking with the stock market. A federal law passed in 1933 broke up commercial and investment banking, erecting a wall that stood for decades. But that wall is now beginning to crack, as banks find ways around the law's provisions. Hence the need for a comprehensive look at U.S. banking law.

A major proponent of cautious deregulation of U.S. banks is William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee. Proxmire supports a limited expansion of banking institutions' powers, in order to promote competitiveness; earlier this year he was pushing for a measure to allow banks to enter certain other financial areas like mortgage-backed securities, commercial paper, and municipal revenue bonds. When this initiative was killed by Democrats on his committee, Proxmire reluctantly accepted Christopher Dodd's proposal to put a moratorium on the expansion of bank powers by regulatory agencies until March 1, 1988.

Complicating matters is the fact that Proxmire is retiring next year. Banking Committee insiders who had "thought he would be around as long as he's still standing" are just beginning to assess the effects of his upcoming departure. Two schools of thought have come up with diametrically opposed predictions: he'll be a lame duck, unable to push through any more banking legislation; or he'll go out with a major banking bill to his credit, Congress being sympathetic to his indefatigability over thirty years. A majority staffer who fears that the first scenario will come to pass bewails the fate of banking expansion. And one of Proxmire's top aides says the senator would "hate to leave Congress with that as his last banking bill," referring to the inconclusive 1987 bill.

Neither of the probable Democratic heirs to the chairmanship will be as sympathetic to expanded powers. Assuming that the Democrats maintain a Senate majority in 1988, Alan Cranston will be next in line to head the banking committee. Cranston is generally no friend to any deregulation, but he has not concentrated his full attention on the issue of expanded bank powers. "Cranston has been more concerned with housing issues, since he chairs that subcommittee," says a longtime committee staffer, "so it's difficult to say what his priorities as chairman would be."

It's far from certain that Cranston would accept the chairmanship anyway. He would have to give up his Majority Whip position to take the Banking Committee helm, and a Cranston staffer says the senator is planning to campaign on his Majority Whip position in his 1992 re-election bid—when he'll be 78. In any case, Cranston will wait until Proxmire's exit is nearer before announcing his intentions. Should he pass up the position, Michigan Democrat Don Riegle, a known foe of deregulation, would head Banking.

If Republicans regain the majority in the 101st Senate (not likely, but less unlikely than it once seemed), Jake Garn, one of the most outspoken defenders of expanded bank powers, will resume Banking Committee leadership. However, the feeling around here, as expressed by one Hill source, is that Garn has "a lousy track record of getting things done." This is not wholly true: though no banking bills became law in the 98th or 99th Congresses, the Utah Republican was able to drive a deregulatory bill through the Senate in 1984. It was eventually killed in the House after intensive lobbying (chiefly by the securities industry). However, "Garn is frustrated and exhausted after four years of trying to get rid of federal regulations on banks," a banking analyst contends. "He could well start focusing on non-bank issues."

When the moratorium on expanded banking powers ends March 1, three things can happen: 1) Proxmire might be able to muster enough strength to push through a bill providing modest banking expansion; 2) Congress can delay action so that it will fall to banking regulators—the Federal Reserve Board, FDIC, or Federal Home Loan Bank Board—to make decisions in individual cases; or 3) Congress can extend the moratorium. The last may be the most likely. "Congress habitually procrastinates on this issue," an Administration official aptly observes. One Banking Committee insider added: "The only reason we regulate banks is that they take federal deposits. Why should they be able to use those deposits to offer other financial services?"

WHAT DOES it add up to? "Over the long haul the modernizing of banking regulations will take place at the state level," says Brookings economist Robert Litan. "The Feds and Congress have been sitting on their hands for years." State-chartered banks are unaffected by the congressional moratorium on expanded powers, and some states already permit banks to expand. "Deregulation is inevitable—to the extent the market demands it," says Washington bank-watcher Robert Feinberg. "Congress can't stop the world." A Treasury economist concurs. "Deregulation is definitely in the future." Probably, but not in the near future. □

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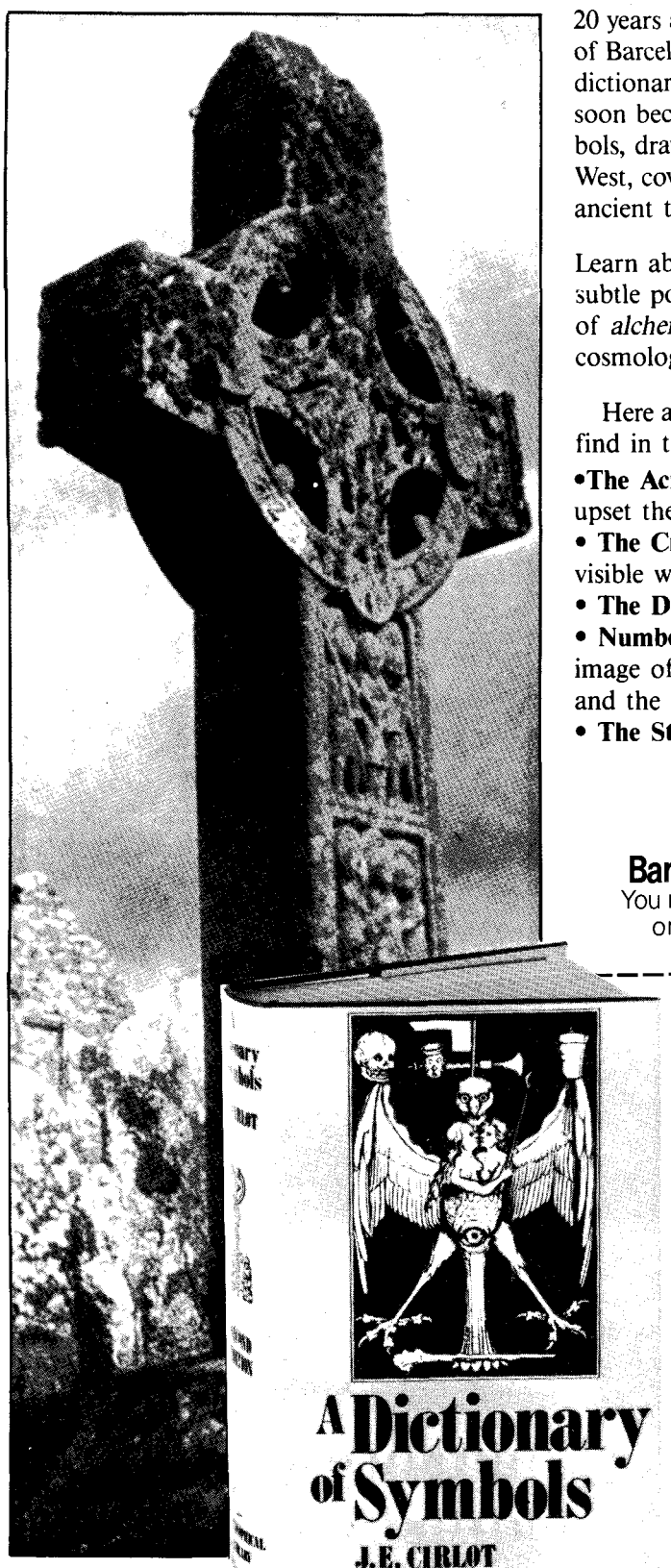

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ARMS-CONTROL FRENZY

ON THE MORNING of Friday, September 18—the last day of Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze's stay in Washington—Dan Rather, Peter Jennings, and Tom Brokaw were interrupting regularly scheduled TV programs with excited announcements of a great breakthrough in arms-control negotiations. Dan Rather told his viewers that there was "good news" from Washington, and in Moscow the headline of *Izvestia* read: "Good News from Washington."

It was "something of a historic morning," said Peter Jennings. "Truly historic," said White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker. "A tentative agreement has been reached on a treaty," said Dan Rather. "Agreement in principle was reached to conclude an INF treaty," said President Reagan. "I want to congratulate Secretary Shultz and Foreign Minister Shevardnadze."

Sam Donaldson asked Reagan about the Soviet shooting of an American soldier in East Germany, just then reported.

"The Secretary has already launched a protest," said Reagan.

The stone-faced Shultz was nearby and ready with the comment that the shooting was "unacceptable behavior."

A reporter asked Reagan what he thought about the previous day's Senate vote (58 to 38) to restrict the U.S. interpretation of our obligations under the ABM treaty to one that was more or less the same as the Soviets' interpretation.

"You just spoiled my day," said the affable President, seeming to bask in his new role as media hero. He added that "foolish things are being attempted when members of the Congress start to get into where they can interfere with what we're trying to negotiate."

That morning's banner headline in the *Washington Post* read: "U.S., SOVIETS AGREE ON MISSILE TREATY OUTLINE." The *New York Times*' headline triumphantly proclaimed: "MAJOR OBSTACLES TO MISSILE TREATY REPORTED CLEARED." You had to read the *Times* story all the way through to realize that (with the exception of a reference to some obsolescent missiles owned by West Germany) these "major obstacles," now "cleared," were not identified. When Secretary Shultz was asked what the big breakthrough had been, he said, "I think this has been a process that has been going on for a long time." The "biggest breakthrough" had been achieved at Reykjavik, said the somber Secretary.

"We've got arms-control feeding frenzy," an aide to Congressman Jim Courter told me later that morning. He also pointed out an interesting sentence in the *Times* story. According to a "senior Administration official," unidentified, "work remained to be done on verification procedures and on setting a schedule for dismantling Soviet and American missiles in Europe." The agreement, in short, was still only an agreement "in outline," or "in principle," but that outline and that principle had already been agreed to weeks earlier by the Soviets. The "outline" was that the U.S. and the Soviet Union should eliminate all their intermediate-range nuclear missiles, including the Soviets' SS-20s (supposedly there are 441 of them, each with three warheads) and, on the U.S. side, 224 ground-launched cruise missiles and 108 Pershing II missiles. The U.S. first proposed such a "zero option" in November 1981. The Soviets agreed to it this summer—in principle. And then, on September 18, by skillful State Department news management, we were told the same thing again: We had an agreement—in outline.

If we had been told that Reagan and Gorbachev had agreed to world peace "in principle," but that the details were still to be worked out, surely not many people would have been impressed.

Likewise, arms control is in the details, and by contributing to a euphoric sense of "breakthrough," Reagan and Shultz were in effect putting pressure on themselves, and were certainly putting pressure on U.S. negotiators still grappling with these details in Geneva, to move closer to the Soviet position; not to hold out too rigidly for well-defined language; to accept "bridging language," as legally imprecise phraseology is called at the State Department; in short to throw in the towel, lest the boss be disappointed and his place in the history books jeopardized; or, even worse, lest they create worldwide concern that the cold war was still with us after all.

AS FOR THE Senate's vote to interpret the ABM treaty so as to restrict Strategic Defense testing, and thereby bring the U.S. closer to the Soviet negotiating position, "it was the Senate's boldest challenge thus far to Reagan on arms-control policy," Helen Dewar wrote in the *Washington Post*. True, a Reagan veto could perhaps be sustained, but the President "faces more trouble, including complications for future arms agreements, and the possibility of deep new cutbacks in proposed spending for SDI research, if he persists in maintaining his position," she added.

In short, the Senate is threatening to make Reagan's by-now-well-known treaty hunger work to the Soviets' advantage, promising to hold arms-control treaties hostage until Reagan adopts something closely resembling the Soviet position; namely, the position that the safest course for the U.S. is to not defend itself against Soviet missiles. Unfortunately, Reagan's newfound enthusiasm for arms-control negotiations goes some way toward legitimizing the Democrats' position and undercutting Republican supporters of Strategic Defense. For if, as Reagan

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now seems to believe, Soviet missiles can indeed be negotiated away, what do we need Strategic Defense for? Doesn't it make more sense, and entail less risk and expense, to use diplomats to get rid of Soviet missiles rather than using laser beams and space platforms to do so?

In addition to maneuvering Reagan into accepting the Soviet position on the ABM treaty, Democrats in Congress also want to force the Reagan Administration to continue complying with the (unratified *and* expired) SALT II treaty; to repudiate testing of anti-satellite weapons; to discard all chemical weapons; and to limit nuclear testing. Precisely "congruent" arms-control proposals are forthcoming from Soviet negotiators in Geneva. As an aide to Congressman Courter told me, there is a chicken-and-egg problem in deciding whether the Soviets get their ideas from the Democrats, or vice versa. Reagan's negotiators—particularly, of late, Paul Nitze—are usually only too eager to accept these Democratic/Soviet notions.

Let us take a closer look at the "outline" INF treaty and its still-missing details. The Soviets supposedly will destroy all their SS-20 missiles, which, like our Pershing IIs and Tomahawk cruise missiles, are mobile. They can be driven about on trucks, making it very difficult for satellites to verify that they have been destroyed. Satellites cannot scrutinize the entire eight-million-square-mile area of the Soviet Union because there are too many directions in which to point the camera. Accordingly the U.S. is holding out for verification that is supposed to include on-site inspection, and it was this "verification package" that the Soviets still had not agreed to "in detail" when Shultz, Shevardnadze, and Reagan proclaimed a treaty at hand.

First of all, the U.S. would like to be allowed onto Soviet soil to make an initial count of SS-20s. I asked Manfred Eimer, Assistant Director of the Bureau of Verification and Intelligence of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, if we know for sure that the Soviets only have 441 SS-20s.

"No," he said.

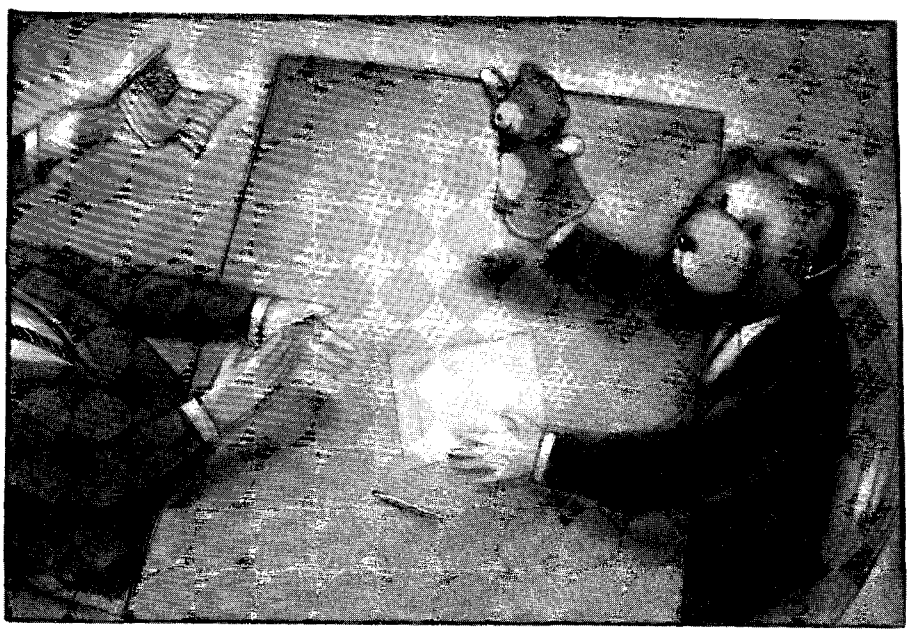
"Do we know how many they do have?"

"No."

Secondly, we would like to be permitted to observe the actual dismantling and destruction of the missiles. They are supposed to be actually destroyed—not just unbolted. Are the Soviet top brass really going to permit their precious missiles to be cut up? Or are they going to try to get away with driving them over the horizon, perhaps hiding them in the Urals? Also, the Soviets have wanted to take five years dismantling their SS-20s; we are prepared to get on with the job more swiftly. It is not difficult to envision an outcome in which we will in fact dismantle ours quickly, accepting a Soviet promise to proceed at their own pace.

Henry Kissinger raised a good point when he said in an interview with Ted Koppel that by this treaty the U.S. is signaling to our European allies that our missiles, once described as indispensable, are now dispensable. Therefore it will be hard to keep them in Europe even if the treaty is not ratified. The European peace movement, Kissinger reminded us, nearly managed to keep the missiles out when we were saying, in Ronald Reagan's first term, that the fate of Western Europe hung on their deployment.

Another detail that had (apparently) not been resolved by Breakthrough Day was the fate of the warheads atop the missiles. Much was made of the U.S. arms-controllers' promise that the Soviets would be obliged to "sacrifice" four times as many warheads as we would. It was less frequently pointed out that the Soviets have so many spare warheads, and we (I was told) have so few, that the Soviets wouldn't mind giving up theirs if in so doing they could eliminate ours.



Kim Drew

ONE OF the great fallacies of arms control is the organized pretense that the "threat" posed by nuclear weapons is somehow inherent in their numbers. Reagan himself has made the mistake of construing the "problem" of nuclear arms as quantitative rather than political. The real problem, of course, is the existence of an aggressive, nuclear-armed Communist state. The quantity of arms it possesses is irrelevant to the threat that it poses, unless nuclear arms are thought of as likely to explode accidentally (which no one believes). The British and the French both have nuclear weapons but they do not pose a "nuclear threat" to one another because both are democracies. Arms control thus misrepresents the danger of Communism as a danger of numerical excess—rather like overeating in the realm of military procurement.

It rightly worries conservatives that Reagan can have "signed on" to an error of this magnitude. In turn the President complains, according to *Washington Post* White House correspondent Lou Cannon, that the critics "to his right refuse to understand that improved spy satellites have made it possible to detect Soviet cheating without on-site verification." And he wants us to know that it is he who wants the treaty, not just his wife or the State Department.

So much does he want it that the

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Washington Post, of all papers, sounded an editorial alarm on the day that Shevardnadze arrived in Washington, noting "a good deal of suspicion—and not only on his right—that the President could yet do something truly imprudent." Lou Cannon wrote that the President has become an arms-control "risk-taker," unaccustomed to "maneuvering on the left of the Republican presidential field."

Leaving aside the difficulty of determining the whereabouts of mobile missiles by spy satellites, Reagan and many others miss the point when they talk about "verifying" Soviet compliance with arms controls. We already have verified in the past that the Soviets almost never do comply with arms-control treaties.

In March 1987, for example, "The President's Unclassified Report on Soviet Noncompliance with Arms-Control Treaties" noted violations too numerous to mention and added forlornly: "I have also expressed my personal concerns directly to General Secretary Gorbachev during my meetings with him, both in 1985 in Geneva and then again this past October in Reykjavik. Another year has passed and, despite these intensive efforts, the Soviet Union has failed to correct its noncompliant activities."

"The Soviets cheat on arms-control treaties, let's face it," said Kenneth Adelman, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, at a Washington press conference when Shevardnadze was in the city. Soviet compliance is "zilch," he added.

And so we show how unserious we are, because if we really objected to their noncompliance we would not so eagerly go back to the bargaining table for more punishment. The Soviets should have no qualms about continuing to violate arms-control agreements, knowing that we know their compliance is "zilch" and yet we blithely enter into new agreements all the same. By imposing no cost on them we invite continued violations.

A rarely noted weakness of the treaty is that the banned SS-20 missile has already been superseded by a more modern and versatile version of the same missile, the SS-25. In fact the "mutation" and "evolution" of Soviet missiles in an environment of arms control is worth a closer look.

The missile that preceded the SS-20 was called the SS-16, and it was of intercontinental range (it could strike the United States). From it one rocket stage was removed to create the SS-20, a move "apparently designed to circumvent SALT II," according to Strobe Talbott in *Deadly Gambits*. This alteration brought its range "just shy of the highly arbitrary 5,500-kilometer range that defined an ICBM for the purposes of SALT."

Within a year of the SS-20s' deployment (in 1977), West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt encouraged the U.S. to put in its own missiles to "counter" the SS-20s (i.e., to ensure that the U.S. remained entangled in the defense of Europe). Neither Richard Perle (then an aide to Senator Henry Jackson) nor Zbigniew Brzezinski saw the need for such a response. "I was personally never persuaded that we needed [Pershing IIs] for military reasons," Brzezinski wrote in 1982. "I was persuaded reluctantly that we needed [them] to obtain European support for SALT."

In other words, the then-pending SALT II agreement was used as a rationale to install a new set of arms. In the event, the Soviets invaded Afghanistan and the Senate never voted to ratify the treaty. It has since expired, and its weapons limits have been exceeded by both sides. Thus SALT II neither limited arms (and therefore provided no safety even under the quantitative theory) nor reduced our defense budget.

Both treaties now having expired, the Soviets have gone ahead and restored the rocket stage missing from the SS-20, and turned it into the SS-25. This missile, of course, is not included in any treaty discussions. It can hit either the United States or Western Europe. Some SS-25s are even now deployed in missile bases formerly housing SS-20s. In other words, the Soviets are already treating the SS-20 as though it were obsolete, which may be why they are willing to discard it. The five-year dismantling period that they seek will no doubt be long enough to replace all the SS-20s with SS-25s, and so they could remain in compliance with no loss of firepower at all.

Kim Drew

Meanwhile we will have removed our Pershings and cruise missiles from Western Europe, and political pressure from the "peace" movement and from Congress will no doubt be sufficient to ensure that they will not be replaced —at least not with up-to-date armaments. Indeed, it was reported on Breakthrough Day that the Strategic Air Commander, General John T. Chain, was hoping to re-equip 25-year-old B-52 bombers with conventional weapons as a way of helping defend Western Europe when the cruise and Pershing missiles are gone.

THUS AS A RESULT of arms control, while the Soviets press ahead, we take backward steps. Arms control causes excessive mutation in weapons systems, causing them to evolve unnaturally. Almost always the more primitive or otherwise deformed technology that results is more dangerous. Recent concessions by Reagan—over the heated objections of Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger—present precisely this danger. In the first place, Reagan will not permit the discarded Pershing II missiles to be used for SDI target practice. But another concession he has made may be even more significant.

New and proposed cruise missiles are so accurate that they can hit individual buildings from a distance of five hundred miles, or perhaps twice that range. Such missiles do not have to be armed with nuclear warheads. If you can strike the Kremlin directly, high explosives will do the job. New technology thus contains within itself the ideal answer to the anti-nuclear "peace" movement. The latest weapons need pose no threat to the civilian population of the Soviet Union—only

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Laughable trade measures

We have argued long and loudly in this space that protectionism, in the long run, is economic folly. But two amendments in the Senate trade bill—itself a largely protectionist document—are so illogical as to go beyond folly into an area that can only be defined as absurdity.

One amendment would add a new dimension to the argument over what constitutes an unfair trade practice—the issue of worldwide supply and demand. Under that amendment, if there is surplus worldwide capacity to produce a commodity—or if somebody's crystal ball says there will be a future surplus—governments that encourage the production of those commodities could trigger retaliation by the U.S. The other amendment zeros in on agricultural products, minerals and chemicals, and seeks to apply a similar supply-demand test as a criterion for loans by multilateral lending agencies.

Taken together, the potential impact of these amendments is sublimely ridiculous. For example:

- There's currently excess worldwide capacity to produce oil and natural gas, and the surplus is expected to remain a fact of life well into the future. Most of the surplus capacity happens to be in the OPEC countries. Even so, these amendments would seek to bar countries like Great Britain, Canada, West Germany, and Brazil from encouraging the search for any more oil and gas. If the U.S. were the target of such legislation elsewhere, America could be barred from producing new domestic reserves. Now that, we submit, is patently an absurd position for any oil-importing country, including the U.S.
- Since when does the capacity to produce an item—even excess capacity—assure that the item is readily available to consumers all over the world? Certainly price is a factor, and transportation costs, as just one example, help determine price. If capacity were the proper yardstick, there would be no hunger in Africa, because there's plenty of worldwide grain capacity these days. It's absurd to use capacity as a determining element.
- We suggest that there might be a hypocrisy factor at work here. Much capacity to manufacture any product might well be obsolete and inefficient, and require great doses of capital to modernize (just ask domestic steelmakers about that). Yet, other countries might be kept from building modern plants by the amendments, while, presumably, the U.S. could go ahead and build. Won't our trading partners laugh the U.S. delegates right out of the GATT negotiating rooms if these amendments become law?
- Who can tell whether surpluses are temporary or permanent? Are they the result of the overhang from a recent cyclical turndown in a particular industry? Will new capacity be needed during the next upturn? In our view the best regulator of capacity is the marketplace. Any artificial restraint on the market could only create shortages and price fluctuations—and these are hardly a laughing matter.
- Finally, we see the amendments as clearly discriminatory. Developing countries, by definition, are the last to install production capacity for basic commodities. Does the U.S. Senate have the right to shut them out of the industrialization process because others have installed plant and equipment before them? And how can developing countries handle their debt load if they aren't allowed to enter the economic arena?

World trade and American trade policies are serious matters. But too many aspects of the House and Senate trade bills lend themselves to parody and burlesque. We seriously urge the Senators and Representatives who will soon meet in conference to write a final bill which eliminates blatant protectionist measures. The last thing America needs is economic funny business.

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to the Communist Party leadership and military establishment. Such weapons, in fact, promise to reveal whether the alleged "anti-nuclear" movement is really anti-nuclear—or pro-Communist.

Unfortunately, President Reagan is so eager for a treaty that he agreed to "ban" non-nuclear ground-launched cruise missiles as well as nuclear ones. The reason given was "verification." Externally, nuclear and non-nuclear missiles look the same—and if we were permitted to deploy the one, the Soviets could deploy the other. But it is a sham to pretend that this is the real issue. Cruise missiles are small enough to fit inside large closets, and as miniaturization proceeds, even arms-controllers will have to admit the impossibility of verification.

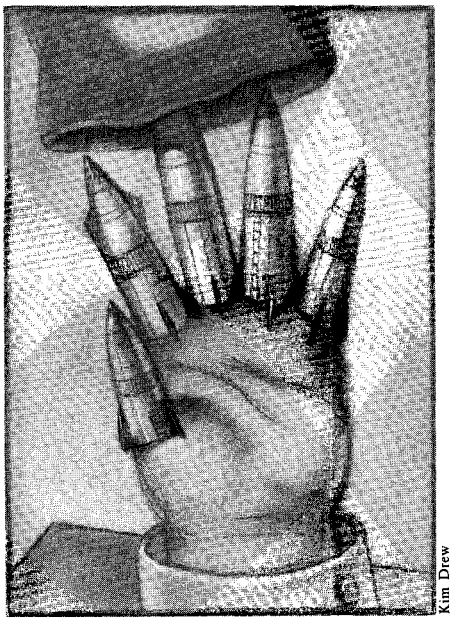
THE REAL REASON for Reagan's concession on conventional missiles was suggested by Michael R. Gordon of the *New York Times*. "In any case," he wrote, "the officials [not identified] doubted that the Russians would agree to allow them." This suggests that, for us, the real object of arms-control negotiations is not to reduce arms but to arrive at an agreement. To achieve such an agreement, our proposals have to be acceptable to the Soviets. For this reason, the never-ending arms control talks that we now engage in turn out to be a mechanism for submitting what were once our military procurement decisions to Soviet advice and consent.

One of the greatest of all errors of arms control is that it presupposes an underlying symmetry between "the two superpowers" (as does the phrase "the two superpowers"). "Arms control serves the Soviets more than it serves us because it makes us moral equivalents," says Ken Adelman. At every step, the arms-control "process" plays into Soviet hands by enshrining the premise of symmetry. "We want to have the right to inspect their factories? Well, we can't do that because then they would have the right to inspect our factories." Our negotiators' craven acceptance of this kind of reasoning tacitly denies the gross asymmetry between an open, democratic society and a totalitarian one.

Congressman Jack Kemp's office points out that the greatest danger from an INF agreement is not so much the loss of our nuclear missiles in Europe as a giddy sense of "momentum" that might then propel the White House and State Department on to greater risk-taking. An INF agreement could easily be accompanied by what diplomats call an "agreed framework," which might (for example) commit both sides to reducing strategic missiles by 50 per cent (and the Soviets' strategic missiles can now be driven about on trains and hidden in tunnels, as was the plan for our MX until Congress killed it), and simultaneously the U.S. would commit itself to complying with the ABM treaty for (say) another ten years.

One suspects that all along this has been the Soviets' goal in going along with the INF "zero option." What they want is to kill SDI, and who better to do this for them than Ronald Reagan? Right now, Reagan has placed on the negotiating table an offer to tie his successor's hands, telling the Soviets that the U.S. will abide by the ABM treaty until 1994. The Soviets haven't accepted this only because they want the Reagan Administration on the record as opposing SDI testing, as well as deployment, during this period. So of course do the Democrats, and there is now a majority of 58 in the Senate willing to accept the Soviet position in this regard.

An INF agreement, Jack Kemp's advisors fear, could be just the occasion to append to the ceremonies—the smiles and handshakes, the talk of a revived détente—a "framework" whereby we would agree informally to stick to the ABM treaty, perhaps for another ten years. And it is precisely here that State Department lawyers would come through with calculatedly imprecise "bridging language": imprecise enough to satisfy the Democrats, to satisfy the Soviets, to confuse the President, and to leave the American people in the dark. The President might even be allowed to claim a small victory: perhaps "some" testing would still be allowed. But the Soviets (and the Democrats) would at that point have gained effective control over the Strategic Defense Initiative. There is a 1970s Vladivostok precedent for the U.S. scrupulously abiding by such a non-binding "framework agreement."


Kim Drew

THERE IS little or nothing to be said for the pending INF agreement. It might, of course, put to the test Irving Kristol's thesis that our allies in Western Europe have been reluctant to defend themselves because we have been only too happy to expend our taxpayers' money for the same purpose; and that, as a result of this latest display of weakness—gullible Americans once more falling into the arms-control trap—spines would stiffen in Bonn, Paris, and London. But it is also possible that such self-deluding and craven U.S. behavior will merely hasten the Finlandization of Western Europe.

It should be a matter of some concern to conservatives that President Reagan has decided to pursue the chimera of arms control as his price of admission to the "history books." It should also be of concern to all Americans, because if this absurd process continues much longer our defenses could be seriously weakened. In fact, U.S. strategic defenses at present are non-existent, and the Soviet goal is to use arms control to keep them that way. In May, *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz said that "the arms-control process is corrupt at its source and corrupting, and it is putting us in deep danger." It is fantastic to believe that Communist rulers are going to negotiate away their military strength, which is the sole source of their power. But, worse than that, arms-control deceives us into believing that Communist Party officials are our partners in the search for world peace rather than the outstanding threat to it. □

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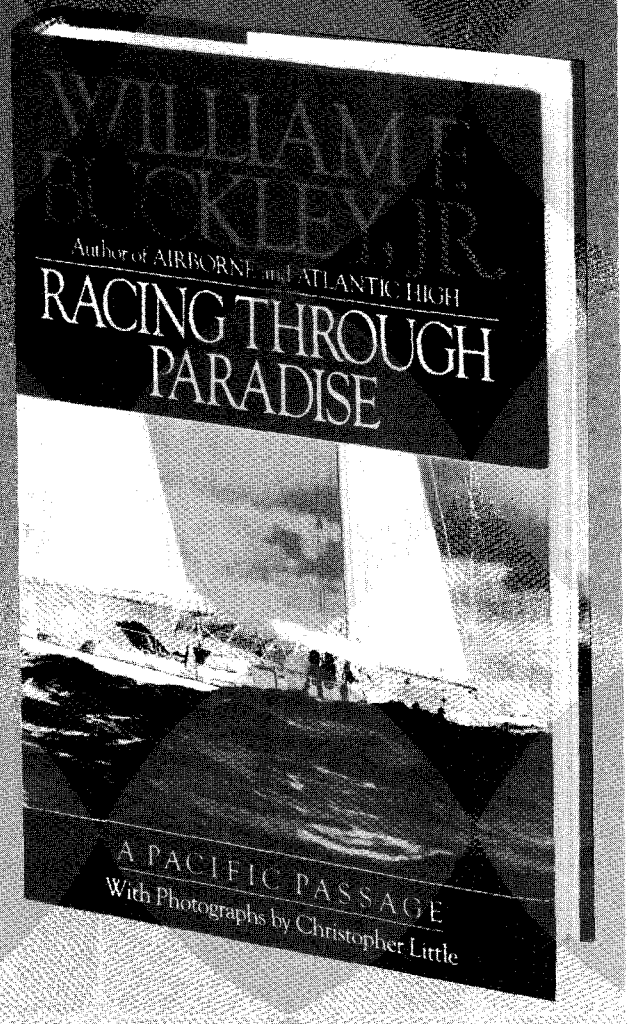
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Newsday reviewer Brian Schwartz got it just right: "This is William F. Buckley Jr.'s third—and best—book about blue-water sailing. For Buckley, one suspects, enjoyment is not fully real unless he shares it. He is a master at communicating his enthusiasms, and can't bear to leave any out. One of the many joys of this book is Buckley's relationship with his son . . . Racing through Paradise presents Buckley's view of what is important in life, what really matters . . ."

That's not just high praise, it's accurate: you've never before read a book like this one (it is Bill's best). And he's done something else that will delight you too. The book contains a wealth of fine photographs (185 of them—many in glorious color) that provide a "family album" any man would be proud to have. And you get it all, vivid words and memorable pictures—all in one, big, handsome book.

It's now selling in bookstores across America at a whopping $25.00 (worth it, but stiff—book prices are incredible nowadays). That's why we were anxious to work out a way to allow *you* to obtain your own copy for a mere *seven dollars* if you'll do us the favor of subscribing to *National Review* (or simply renew your current subscription—you'll do that *anyway*, right?) at no more than the regular $36 yearly rate.

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*** As you would expect, there's a great deal in *Racing through Paradise* about politics and personalities—WFB gets inspired when he's standing an invigorating watch, etc.—and of course you'll learn more about *sailing* than you ever dreamed of—it's a *connoisseur's* delight.**

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THE FOUR SOVIET CULTURES

MANY WESTERN intellectuals have become infatuated with the new Soviet policy of *glasnost.* But, since love is blind, this leaves open the questions of whether *glasnost* exists, and how one might evaluate it. In the Soviet Union, where free elections are an unheard-of concept, where town maps and phone books are still considered state secrets, and where true GNP numbers are classified, only culture (*kultura*) allows us to examine the real extent of *glasnost.*

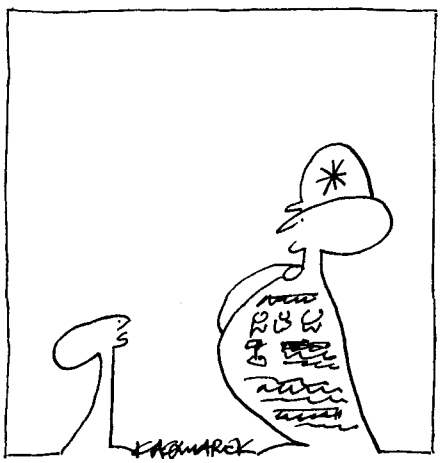
The present-day Soviet culture is much more intricate and complex than is commonly realized in the West. It can be divided into four major categories—*official, semi-official, non-official,* and *underground* (dissident). Interconnections, shifts, and clashes among these segments present a fascinating portrait of the Soviet cultural machinery.

The *official* culture is obvious and easy to see. It is the one represented by numerous monuments to Lenin and Marx, by gigantic architectural complexes glorifying the Soviet army (such as those in Stalingrad and East Berlin), by propagandistic films (the best medium by which to distort history, as some recent American epics about Vietnam show), by dogmatic plays and wooden novels, and by countless posters praising the Soviet State and condemning the capitalist West.

The producers of all this output are paid very handsomely, compared not only with the rest of the Soviet population, but even with the best-paid Western artists. Thus the sculptor Vuchetich received almost a million rubles for his complex at Stalingrad, the sculptor Kerbel nearly half a million for his monument to Karl Marx in Moscow (an engineer in the Soviet Union earns 120 to 150 rubles per month, a physician 150 to 170), and some official writers, such as the novelist Sholokhov and the playwright Simonov, have had "open-ended" accounts, which allowed them to draw on virtually unlimited funds.

The exorbitant amounts of money the State throws at these "art workers" (as they are called) shows how valuable it finds their work. They transform abstract dogmas into palpable images, thus virtually imprinting the new beliefs on people's brains. The main thrust of the official Soviet culture has changed very little since the 1930s. The proud declaration of the arts magazine *Iskusstvo* in the mid 1930s that "our art is our Communist philosophy expressed in visual form!" is as applicable today as it was fifty years ago. A good example is a major new epic about World War II entitled *Go and See.* Directed by the recently installed head of the Soviet cinema, E. Klimov, this film is comparable to the worst of the Stalinist films in its frenzied xenophobia.

Obviously, *glasnost* can have hardly any impact on the official culture, short of discharging it, which it has not done. But the official culture was the *sole* culture of the Soviet Union only from about the late 1920s to the mid 1950s. Since that time it has had to share the stage with the three other cultures. It is here that *glasnost* can play some role.



"But you can't win *a peace conference."*

Semi-official culture, in contrast with the *non-official* and *underground* cultures, is not only allowed but sometimes even encouraged by the government. Since the mid-1950s it has been rising and falling like the tide. Its ebb and flow largely depend upon the Soviet Union's relations with the West. Whenever the Communist Party turns to the West for help—whether for grain to feed the Soviet population, or technology to create a military threat to that same West—it suddenly starts paying considerable attention to Western public opinion. At such times it tries to show the West that cultural dissent and independence are allowed in the Soviet Union, and that Soviet culture—and by extension Soviet society—is not as restrictive and paranoid as one might assume from the official culture.

The practitioners of semi-official culture—the best known in the West are the movie director Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky, the painter Glazunov, and the poets Voznesensky and Yevtushenko —travel regularly to the West, where they present themselves as rebels, albeit well-mannered ones. (Rebels whose manners are very good get big government dachas.) They proudly point out to Western audiences the difficulties they have performing, producing, or publishing in the Soviet Union. Somehow, though, their works are always performed, produced, and published, and the difficulties they describe are minor ones triggered by some low-level Party bureaucrats who in the end are always overruled. Their work is more intricate in content and more sophisticated in style than that of the "art workers," but at the core it is as pro-Soviet and pro-Communist.

The well-mannered rebels say to the West: Look at us, we are not stupid, retrograde, official hacks, we are

Mr. Steinmetz teaches writing at Harvard. His essays have appeared in Commentary *and* Chronicles.

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R. GLENN MARTIN

Conservatism – with no ads!

Steady readers of this section may perhaps be as fascinated as I am by a new publication that contains nothing but editorial columns and political cartoons.

I chanced on it in an attempt to locate some columns by Jeane Kirkpatrick, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. When she left the U.N., Kirkpatrick began a weekly political column, and I hadn't yet found out where it was appearing.

Then I saw an ad for something called the *Conservative Chronicle,* published in Iowa, which said it reproduces her columns. I sent off for a subscription and got back a 32-page weekly tabloid containing not just Kirkpatrick but a galaxy of conservative U.S. columnists and cartoonists.

There, unabridged, I found recent syndicated columns by Evans & Novak, Bill Buckley, George Will, Joe Sobran, William Rusher, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Warren Brookes, Walter Williams, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Admirals Zumwalt and Bagley, and many others — 41 columns in all — by the elite of American conservative columnists.

There were also 36 political cartoons by the likes of the *Chicago Tribune's* Jeff MacNelly and Dick Locher, Jerry Barnett of the *Indianapolis News,* the *Denver Post's* Mike Keefe — two dozen in all.

Refreshingly, there are no ads at all in this free-enterprise compilation, except one by the magazine itself.

The publisher, Hampton Publishing Company, (Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441) has been in business 111 years, and the U.S. subscription rate is $32 for 52 issues.

Such a publication, like *World Press Review,* pulls together material from many sources that no one individual could possibly lay her (or his) hands on…

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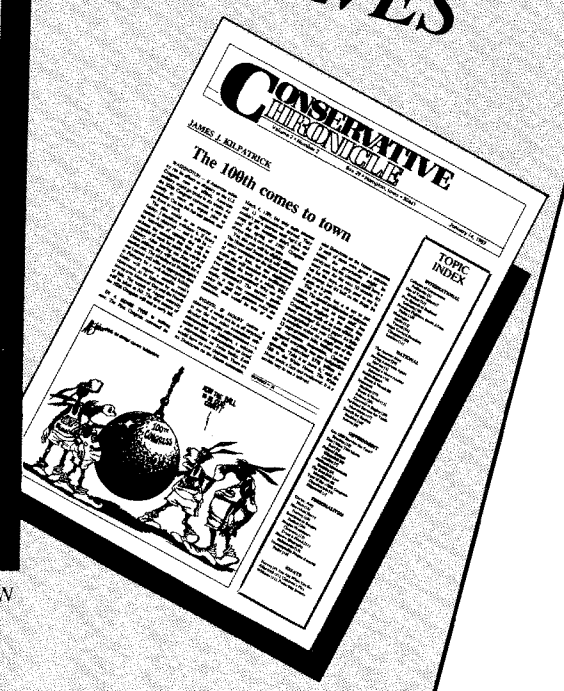

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intelligent, sensitive, and clever; we do not even always agree with every official Party line—unfortunately there are some Neanderthals in the Party—but we believe there is a lot of goodness and truth in what the Party tries to do. And we try to help the thoughtful, enlightened people within the Party in their fight against those Stone Age Neanderthals. You in the West should join us in this fight.

In 1961 "Babi Yar" was published in Moscow, and its author, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, became an instant sensation in the West. The poem condemns the Nazi execution of a group of Jews in a ravine near Kiev called Babi Yar. Yevtushenko's poetic voice was passionate, but the timing of the poem's publication was coldly calculated to deflate charges of Soviet anti-Semitism that were once again surfacing in the West. The calculation proved to be correct. "Babi Yar" is a 92-line piece with the poetic quality of a mediocre pop song, but in the West it was given the biggest free publicity ride imaginable. Yevtushenko became a world celebrity overnight, projecting an image of a most sincere, non-corrupt voice of Soviet culture. The poem drew some hostile reaction from minor Soviet culture bosses, which only enhanced the author's reputation abroad. He has since been successfully using this image to present his essays praising Castro or poems glorifying Ortega as sincere expressions of an honest and open mind.

Likewise the Soviet painter Ilya Glazunov. By including in his large, feeble canvases (imaginatively entitled *The Motherland* or *My Russia*), along with the faces of Lenin, the physiologist Pavlov, and the poet Mayakovsky, a haloed image of the last Russian czar, he has earned himself in the West the reputation of being "brave" and "daring," which reputation he has used to praise Gorbachev as a truly enlightened leader.

What is currently going on in Soviet culture is, of course, not a new phenomenon. That which is called *glasnost* under Gorbachev went under the name of "thaw" during the Khrushchev years and "détente" in the Brezhnev years. Compared with "détente" and "thaw," *glasnost*'s record so far is not impressive. Khrushchev unconditionally released hundreds of thousands of people from the Gulag and denounced Stalin. He allowed the publication of several rather important works, the most famous of which was Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich*. (Khrushchev's quarrel with some Soviet non-figurative artists is well known; what is less known is that, after his forced retirement, he himself took up abstract painting and started reading novels, about one of which—*War and Peace*—he reportedly complained that no one "told me before what a great book it was.") And although the number of significant works published or produced *in* the Soviet Union during Brezhnev's era was minimal, a great many talented artists were allowed to leave, which, in a way, amounted to giving them freedom in their artistic endeavors.

Yevtushenko's poetic voice was passionate but the timing of the publication of 'Babi Yar' was coldly calculated

By contrast, Gorbachev's widely publicized decision to release a number of prisoners of conscience from the Gulag was nearly pure fraud. A hundred or so of the most prominent activists and intellectuals were freed, but they were swiftly—and quietly—replaced by many hundreds of less well-known advocates of human rights and religious freedom. And those who were freed—after being forced to sign all kinds of confessions and statements of repentance—were not absolved but pardoned; they are still "criminals" who could be arrested again at any moment and shipped back to prison.

Gorbachev's record in the field of intellectual inquiry is equally meager. A small exhibition of non-figurative art, a few concerts of contemporary music, and the publication of a very few selected books—a minor novel by Nabokov, a surrealistic novel by the early-twentieth-century writer Platonov, a novella by Bulgakov, several works by some mildly controversial living Soviet writers, and a few apolitical verses by late émigré poets scattered in magazines—are nearly all that has been permitted under *glasnost*. Besides, all these works have been circulating in large quantities in *samizdat* form for years, belonging to that vast and varied segment of the Soviet culture known as *non-official*.

Non-official culture may well be the broadest segment of Soviet culture, because it is not limited to Soviet or even Russian items. In fact, there is practically no area of human knowledge or inquiry from any corner of the globe or any century—in the arts, literature, music, philosophy, science, journalism—that is not represented there. The idealistic philosophy of classical Greece and the twentieth-century Russian experimental novel, medieval European mysticism and contemporary rock music, Renaissance lyric poetry and the works of Freud and Jung, Buddhist philosophy and Cubist paintings, the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, the theories of the geneticist Mendel, poems from *Dr. Zhivago*, religious songs of Tchaikovsky—the list can go on and on. What all these diverse fruits of man's creative genius have in common is that they are decidedly unwelcome in the Soviet State.

They are unwelcome because each, in its own way, contradicts, challenges, or simply fails to confirm Marxism-Leninism, which is supposed to encompass all human knowledge and answer all questions about man and the universe. Thus, for instance, the theories of Mendel are banned because their emphasis on the genetic code challenges the Marxist claim of the overwhelming importance of the environment; a study of Hellenism by a brilliant young Soviet scholar is unwelcome because its premise is "idealistic," and thereby in implicit opposition to the Marxist thesis of class struggle; rock music is undesirable because, by its unrestrained and uninhibited nature, it is a manifestation—however tasteless—of freedom.

The diverse works that, as a whole, constitute the non-official culture are clandestinely but widely circulated in the Soviet Union. They can be found on the black market in old, pre-revolutionary editions or as illegally imported new books, records, or tapes.

(Continues on page 68)

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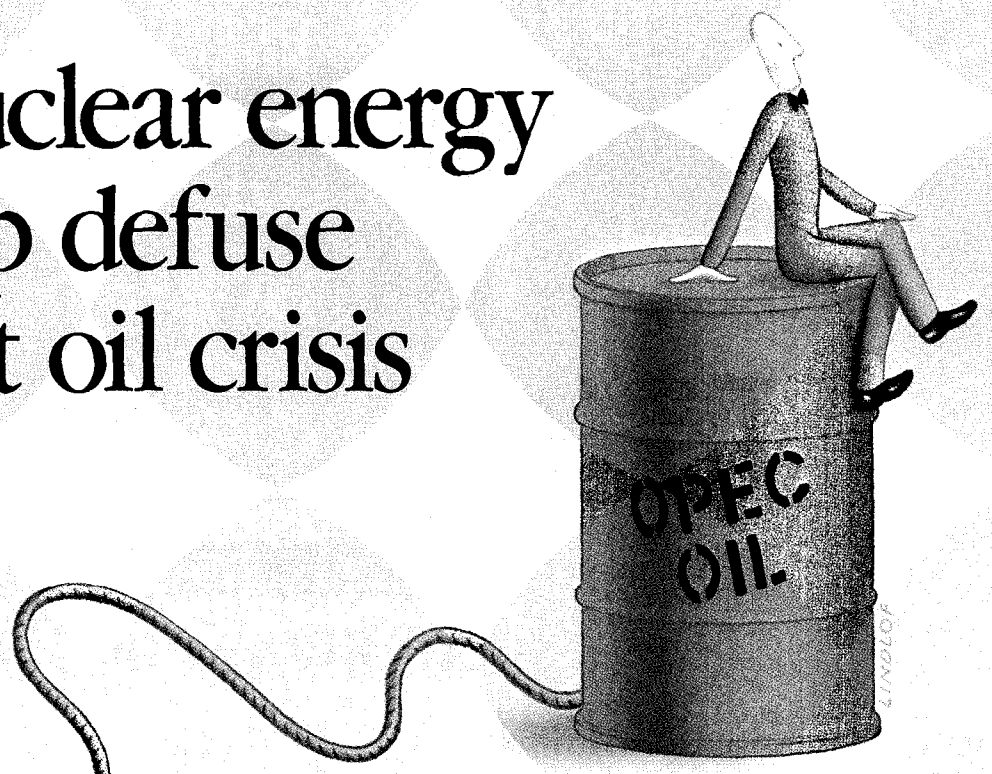
How nuclear energy can help defuse the next oil crisis



Nuclear-generated electricity, still the fastest-growing major energy source in America, may be our best defense against another oil crisis.

More and more energy experts are asking the same question: How long before another oil shock torpedoes our economy and threatens our national security?

Oil turmoil

Signs of the next energy crisis:

- U.S. oil imports soared last year, costing the country $27 billion. This year, America's foreign-oil bill is expected to grow even bigger.
- Many oil analysts are saying that in three years or less, as much as 50% of all the oil used in the U.S. will have to be imported. That's a higher percentage than we have ever imported before, even during the oil crises of the 1970s.
- A whopping two-thirds of the world's oil lies under the sands of OPEC nations.

The need for nuclear

Nuclear electricity is a *domestically produced alternative to foreign oil.* Not just at the power plant, where nuclear energy is used instead of oil to generate electricity, but wherever Americans choose electricity (instead of oil) to heat their homes or run their factories.

The 1987 special report on U.S. energy security, ordered by the President and prepared by the U.S. Department of Energy, states that without electricity from nuclear energy, the United States "would be using more oil, paying more for each barrel of it, and feeling much less secure about its energy outlook."

The more we use our own nuclear electricity, the less we'll have to rely on energy from unstable regions of the world.

Nuclear energy for a secure future

With over a hundred operating plants in the U.S., nuclear energy is now our second leading source of electricity. But in spite of all that we have accomplished, the threat of foreign oil dependence remains. Difficult choices still need to be made, but one fact is clear: the more we develop our own energy sources, the more we can control our own destiny.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (FQ30), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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JIM WRIGHT MAKES IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

CORT KIRKWOOD

IT IS TIME for the Reagan Justice Department to mount an official investigation of growing corruption charges against Speaker of the House Jim Wright. The allegations against Wright have been mounting for months, and they are now echoed not only by partisan opponents but in establishment organs like the *New York Times* and *Newsweek*. But Wright still sits in the Speaker's chair, confident that he has nothing to fear either from his colleagues who run the House ethics committee, or from a preoccupied and intimidated Reagan Administration.

The Administration, of course, fears that any Justice Department investigation of Wright would be denounced, by the Democrats and their numerous allies in the press, as a political act. In this the Democrats would be entirely correct. It would be a political act. Indeed, it is almost a political obligation.

Politics is a game that works for the voters only when both sides play. The Reagan Administration has held the most powerful political mandate of any Administration since FDR's. Yet it has largely wasted that mandate while the Democrats have busily used their gerrymandered majority in Congress and their friendly relations with the media to stop Republican initiatives by playing the scandal card, usually with no scandal in evidence. What, after all, did Anne Gorsuch do?

The Republican response to this has been mostly to whine about the Democrats' politicizing justice. But the Democrats politicize *everything*. It is their trademark.

Unfortunately, this tends to suggest that the Democrats are not going to be dissuaded from their current course by appeals to principle. A little deterrence is in order. If the Republicans believe in their mandate, and recognize that it is being frustrated by the superior political skills and inferior scruples of the Democrats, they have no choice but to fire a couple of shots across Democratic bows.

Mr. Kirkwood is a staff writer for the Washington-based wire service American Press International, and the author of API's "Sleazewatch" column.

It's not as if Wright doesn't deserve it. The charges suggest that he has used his office for personal gain, exerted improper influence on behalf of constituents, and used the power of his office to win federal benefits for business associates.

The influence-peddling charges center largely on Wright's dealings with some shaky Texas savings-and-loan associations. In September of 1986, Wright pressured Edwin Gray —Chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board (FHLBB), which runs the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC), making Gray the chief regulator for S&Ls—to ease up on Dallas real-estate syndicator Craig Hall, whose shaky loan portfolio was a target for FSLIC foreclosure. According to *Newsweek* and other published sources, after Wright's intervention Gray worked out a deal with Hall whereby FSLIC would take less drastic action, a move Gray later admitted was extremely unusual.

In October, after Gray had offered to be of further help if Wright should need him, Wright intervened on behalf of Thomas Gaubert. Gaubert was a former finance chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, who had raised $9 million for House candidates during his tenure. He had been removed from the management of his savings-and-loan for what FSLIC said was fraud. It has been reported that, after Gaubert's attorneys met with Wright, Wright talked to Gray, who in turn met with Gaubert, an unprecedented action under the circumstances. After that meeting, Gray made the important and extremely unusual concession of appointing an independent counsel to investigate Gaubert's claims that the FSLIC action against him was unfair. (According to *Newsweek*, Gray later said: "It is very difficult when you have a man complaining who is very close to the next Speaker of the House.") Unfortunately for Gaubert, the counsel concluded that though the government had erred in several procedural ways, the investigation should continue. The special counsel did not recommend that Gaubert be reinstated in his S&L management position.

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Last winter, Wright went to work on behalf of the Vernon Savings and Loan Association, of Vernon, Texas, to delay a threatened FSLIC takeover. FSLIC did delay action until April, by which time 96 per cent of Vernon's outstanding loans were delinquent. Ultimately, though, FSLIC acted, suing Vernon's officers for allegedly defrauding the S&L of $40 million. The case is still pending. As we go to press, one Vernon official is fighting extradition from California on related charges.

Wright's attempt to intervene gains in significance when one considers that he had once used Vernon's private jet on behalf of Majority Whip Tony Coelho's Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. The committee did not pay for the plane or for entertainment aboard *High Spirits*, Vernon's yacht, until July, well after the committee's use of the plane and the yacht was revealed in the press. The total bill reached nearly $50,000.

Up to a certain limit, intervening with federal regulators on behalf of local businesses is just good constituent service. But when the constituents are high-flying real-estate dealers, major political fundraisers, or businessmen who show a tendency to invite their congressmen aboard private planes, it is reasonable to suppose that something more may be going on. Certainly, Wright's behavior warrants official examination.

Earlier this year, and before any of the above had hit the national press, the House Banking Committee—chaired by Fernand St Germain, a buddy of Wright's and another juicy target for some ambitious prosecutor—took up the problems of Texas's endangered S&Ls, then facing net operating losses of some $1.68 billion. On June 9, William Black, deputy director of FSLIC, was scheduled to testify before the Subcommittee on Financial Institutions, also chaired by St Germain. In the middle of the hearing, St Germain announced that he was canceling Black's testimony, claiming that Black had "misinterpreted our letter in terms of the primary purposes of the hearings." As an eyewitness told me, "someone walked in with some papers," whereupon St Germain told Black and his entourage that their testimony was canceled. "We couldn't believe what we were hearing," the eyewitness said. St Germain promised to get in touch with FSLIC about future testimony but never did.

Contrary to St Germain's statement, an advance copy of Black's testimony shows that he intended to speak on exactly those issues raised in the subcommittee's invitation: "the possible causal relationship between bank fraud or insider dealing and bank failures."

So what was the problem? That advance copy of Black's testimony painted a bleak and damaging picture that could have hurt Wright's allies in the S&L industry. According to syndicated economics writer Warren Brookes, who has followed the Wright story closely, St Germain had passed Wright an advance copy of Black's testimony shortly before summarily canceling Black's appearance.

It has not been established that Wright asked St Germain to keep Black from testifying. But if Wright did do that in order to keep his contacts with Gray from being revealed, the tactic failed. Black, and eventually Gray himself, later disclosed the dealings between Gray and Wright. Said a source at FSLIC, speaking on condition that he not be named, "We figured that Congress knew about the testimony, so why shouldn't the public? So we released it." This source told me that when reporters began asking why the testimony was canceled, the story of Wright's intervention with Gray gradually began to emerge.

St Germain, by the way, is himself on very friendly terms with the industry he supposedly regulates. In April of this year a House-ethics-committee investigation found that he had accepted free airplane rides from Florida Federal Savings and Loan, profited on real-estate deals arranged by Florida Federal executives, purchased 1,500 shares of Florida Federal stock after the FHLBB accepted its application to become a public company, and, on financial-disclosure statements, repeatedly underestimated his net worth by more than $1 million. The ethics panel concluded St Germain had broken no laws and had only trivially violated House rules. It recommended no punishment.

WRIGHT, AS ONE might expect, is a champion pork-barreler, which is not remarkable unless your business associates are in the bacon trade.

The Economic Development Administration makes grants to impoverished localities to encourage local business development. It is as bad as it sounds. Most of the money goes to private businessmen who spend more time and money developing connections than offering better products and services. On the other hand the budget is a relatively modest $200 million a year, and the grants rarely exceed a few hundred thousand dollars.

In 1985 and 1986 Wright authored legislation creating EDA grants of $4.5 million and $7.5 million for the Fort Worth Stockyards, a tourist attraction and entertainment center. Fort Worth (not particularly impoverished: there are nine hundred counties in the U.S. with higher unemployment rates) was exempted from providing matching

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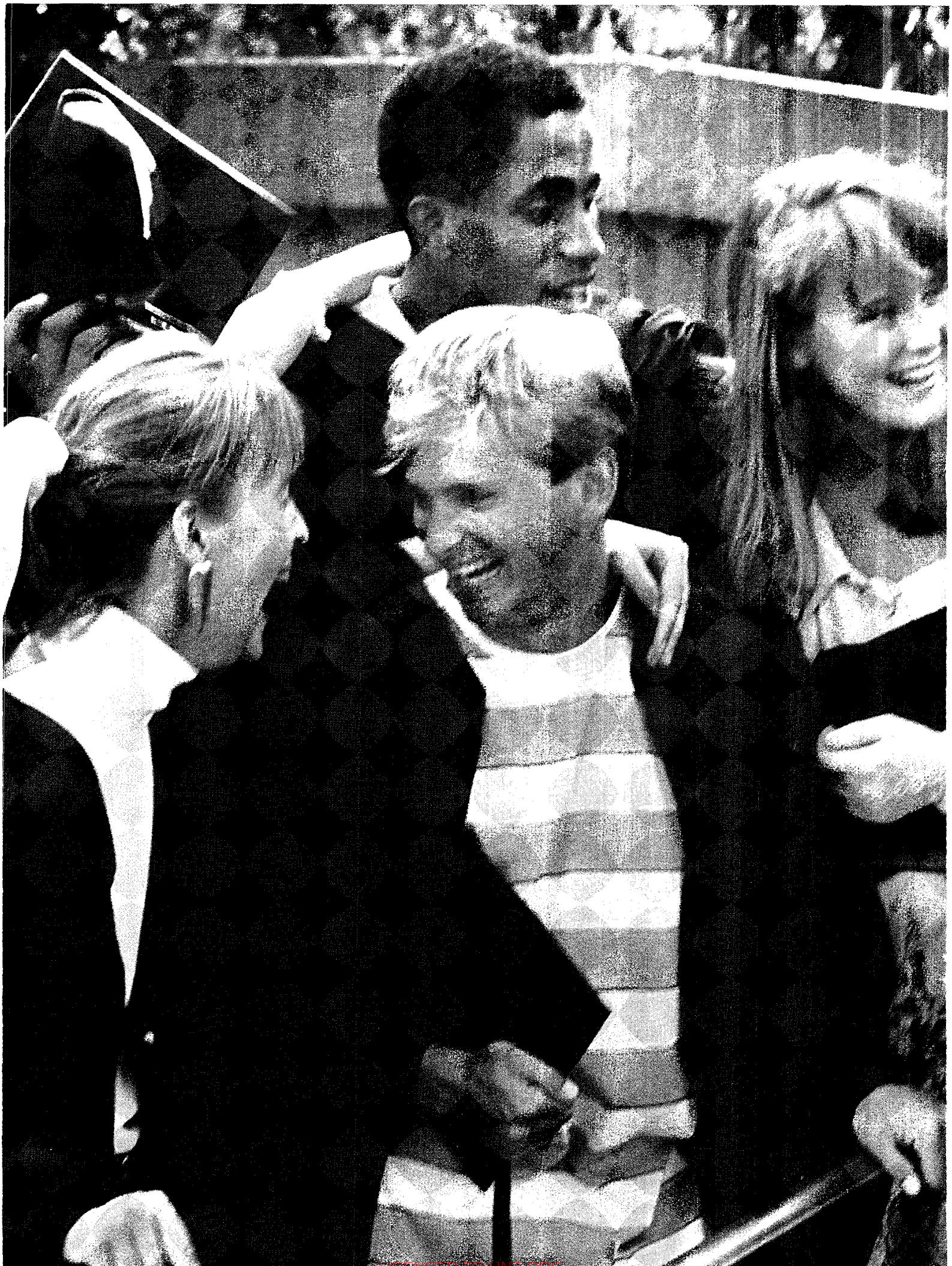

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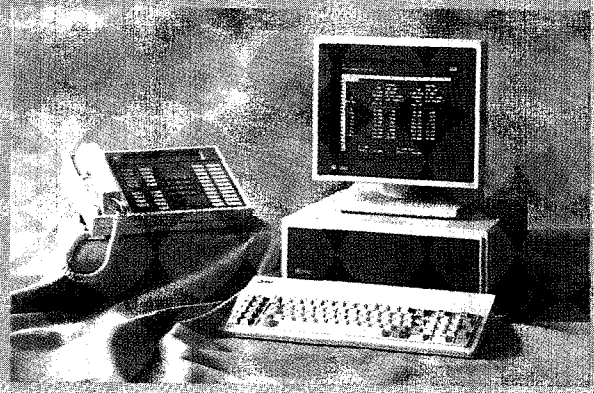

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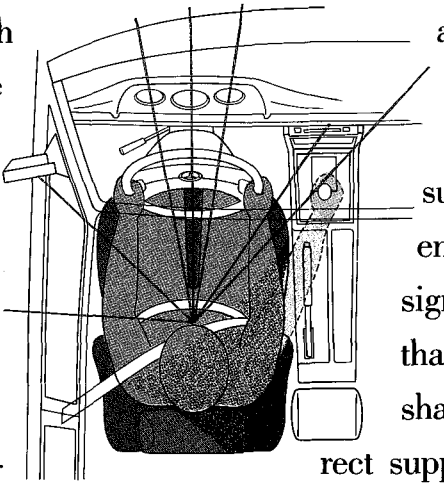

So you lean on the throttle a bit. The speedometer needle darts upward. The scenery begins to blur. But all other familiar sensations of speed have been transformed.

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funds—usually required with EDA grants—and the funds were exempted from the competitive bidding process. After the grant was authorized it turned out that Fort Worth officials had never applied for it. One Fort Worth resident told me that at the council meeting at which the grant was announced he asked the EDA official when the city had applied for the grant. The official answered, "You haven't applied for it—we're asking you to apply for it."

According to a Forth Worth City Council memorandum, the grant was "a direct result of the efforts of the Triad Corporation [half-owner of the Stockyards] working closely with Congressman Jim Wright's office." Triad is 80 per cent owned by Billy Bob Barnett—owner of Billy Bob's Texas, the largest bar in the world (1.5 acres)—who also owns 65 per cent of Stockyard '85, another major owner of the Stockyards. Billy Bob employs one George Mallick as a corporate fundraiser. Mallick is Jim Wright's business partner, joint owner with him of a company called Mallightco. Wright's wife, Betty, is a senior vice president of Mallightco.

Billy Bob, a forthcoming man who says everything is on the up-and-up, told me that Mallick came aboard only after the EDA grants were made. Nevertheless, there are several points that beg for closer investigation. Is Mallightco compensated by Billy Bob for Mallick's services, or does Mallightco derive any other benefits in return for those services? What does Wright get out of Mallightco and what does he do for it? Does his contribution to Mallightco consist largely of doing favors for George Mallick and Mallick's friends and allies?

Michael Mallick—George's son, the president of Mallightco—told me that the Mallicks provide the Wrights with the use of a luxury condominium, for which the Wrights pay no monthly rent and only a twenty-dollar-a-day user fee. If the condo is otherwise kept vacant for the Wrights' convenience, the Wrights are getting a lot more than their twenty dollars' worth. Does the annual value of the condo exceed the House of Representatives' gift limit? What does Mallick get in return?

There are quite a few other suggestive Wright stories. Many have gotten some press; none has ever attracted a full-blown official investigation.

In 1977 Wright used approximately $90,000 in excess campaign funds from his 1976 re-election drive to pay personal debts (some of which, Wright says, derived from old campaign debts). He employed a technical loophole to get around a House rule forbidding the practice.

In March of 1979, in a Capitol Hill cloakroom, Wright hand-delivered a letter to Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat requesting favorable treatment for the Neptune Oil Company, owned by Forth Worth's fabulously wealthy Moncrief family. The company operated wells in a portion of the Sinai scheduled to be turned over to Egypt under the Camp David accords. Without favorable action by Sadat, Neptune faced eviction and the loss of $100 million. Around the same time that Wright delivered the letter, the Moncrief family had cut him in on a lucrative private deal for a gas well in east Texas. Imagine if Ed Meese had pulled that one.

In September of 1979, Wright wrote to Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus on behalf of the Texas Oil and Gas Corporation, which was fighting with Andrus over its leases for oil and gas exploration on 33,000 acres of federal property. Wright wrote "to acquaint" Andrus with the firm and to make the case against another company that was trying to block the leases. Five months before, Wright had purchased between $15,000 and $50,000 of the company's stock.

Asked about these charges, a Wright spokesman complained this "has all been brought out before," which it has, in fits and spurts, mostly in the local Texas press. But none of these incidents has been the subject of a federal investigation.

THERE ISN'T going to be a congressional investigation; that's clear. Republican Congressmen Newt Gingrich and Bob Walker have been fighting to reopen the investigation of St Germain, as a prelude to going after Wright. Though they succeeded in bringing the question before the full House, only one Democrat voted for a new investigation, and the initiative was decisively defeated. Gingrich and Walker are not likely to have even that much success going after Wright.

Wright's Democratic colleagues overwhelmingly take the hard line: Walker and Gingrich are "just being political." Asked about instituting a congressional investigative process shielded from political control, one Democratic member of the ethics committee gave the typical response: "Our task is always going to be difficult and there is no way to seek refuge in external entities." Richard Gephardt's press secretary said Gephardt "supports the current peer-review process" and believes "ethics in the House to be high and reflective of the ethics of the American people."

When asked whether there should be televised hearings on the charges against Wright, most of the Democrats sounded like Republicans: "If you elevate these things to full-blown hear-

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ings on television, an individual's reputation could be ruined by rumors, charges, and inaccurate accusations." One statesman, moved by his great reverence for constitutional propriety, denounced Gingrich for attempting to "try them in the newspapers and on C-SPAN," which would be unfair because "this is still America; people are innocent until proven guilty."

Some Republicans have counseled restraint for ideological reasons, on the prevalent but confused notion that Wright is some sort of conservative. His lifetime rating from the American Conservative Union is 29 out of a possible 100; his 1985 and '86 ratings were 13 and 14 respectively. He consistently votes against aid to the Contras; he voted against aid to Jonas Savimbi's UNITA freedom fighters and in favor of a nuclear freeze and comparable worth. He voted against a balanced-budget amendment, against MX, and against a measure to block federal funding of abortions in the District of Columbia.

House Republican leader Bob Michel has let it be known he won't go after Wright because he has to work with him. But Walker says there is more to Republican timidity than the need for collegiality; vulnerable Republicans are afraid the Democrats might retaliate. As one former Hill staffer with extensive experience in House ethics investigations put it: "Republicans get into a room together," ready to bring up ethics violations, "and someone will say, 'Bill, you might have something in your past.' " As Gingrich puts it, "With 32 years of Democratic control, the Republicans have learned to accommodate power. They don't want to make the Democrats mad."

But the Republicans have controlled the White House for 23 of the past 34 years. It's time they taught the Democrats to accommodate power. Investigating criminal allegations isn't illegal or unethical, just because the targets are from the other party.

Democratic Party corruption involves more than the lining of a few pockets. It involves precisely that subversion of the Constitution which the Democrats allege whenever someone like Ollie North commits patriotism. Democratic hegemony in Congress is made possible by a seamless garment of Democratic corruption, some of it legal (i.e., the vast vote-buying initiatives of the welfare state), but much of it not. Corruption buys Democrats into office; corruption in the form of influence peddling impedes the democratic process. It corrodes the moral independence of even innocent congressmen who may be politically dependent on powerful men like Wright.

By backing off from a fight, the Reagan Administration encourages Democratic excesses, including that explicitly illegal corruption that only the federal Justice Department is in a position to curb. For the Reagan Administration the time to play nice with these people has passed. □

Perennial Peeves

People who laugh at what's crude and not funny,
Failing to recognize genuine wit;
Sharks who misuse the vast power of money,
Wielding imperative say-so with it;
Wimps pleading poverty, bums who're just lazy,
Grabbing "entitlements," needed or not;
Killers who claim they are legally crazy,
Therefore exempt from a criminal's lot;
Terrorists, welfare hotels, clever cheaters,
Old age, mosquitoes, the national debt;
Having to measure in meters and liters;
Salaries popular go-getters get;
Bigotry, postage rates, excessive drinking,
Diets, invasion of privacy, wars,
Child abuse, football, loud noise, wishful thinking,
Roaches, flies, endlessly chattering bores;
Rising air, taxi, rail, bus, subway fares;
Loonies who call a cult-leader divine;
Snobs deaf to viewpoints that differ from theirs;
Viewpoints, of course, though, that contradict mine.

—Corinna Marsh

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JIMMY CARTER'S JUDGES

THE WELL-ORCHESTRATED attack on Robert Bork is the culmination of a long campaign by left-wing ideologues to discredit Ronald Reagan's judicial appointments. The campaign has included assaults on individual nominees such as J. Harvie Wilkinson III, Alex Kozinski, Jefferson Sessions, Daniel Manion, and even William Rehnquist, as well as the general, insistently repeated charge that Reagan is lowering the quality of the federal bench by appointing ideologically biased judges.

This charge, directed at Reagan, is absurd. In a systematic study of federal appointments going back to Lyndon Johnson's Administration, Professor Sheldon Goldman of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, a leading authority on the judicial selection process, concluded: "With few exceptions Reagan appointees to both the district and appeals courts have been men and women of accomplishment. . . ." According to Professor Goldman, "If we consider previous judicial or prosecutorial experience significant preparation for a federal district judgeship, then the second-term Reagan appointees were the best prepared group of appointees of all the Administrations surveyed."

The outrage directed at Reagan would be better directed at his predecessor. Jimmy Carter used explicitly political litmus tests to review appointees. He gave the nation its first judge to be impeached in over fifty years (Harry Claiborne) and another, Alcee Hastings of Florida, who has been referred to Congress by his Circuit Judicial Council and the Judicial Conference of the United States for possible impeachment. Carter unabashedly enforced a policy of race and gender quotas in the appointment of federal judges. And he allowed the selection and confirmation process to become infused with a spirit of political and ideological partisanship that made a mockery of his professed dedication to the merit selection of federal judges. Moreover, he tried to institutionalize these biases, perverting what has traditionally been a relatively non-partisan judicial selection process.

Judging by the Numbers

THE TONE of the Carter Administration's approach was set by Carter himself when he said, "If I didn't have to get Senate confirmation of appointees, I could tell you flatly that 12 per cent of my appointees would be black and 3 per cent would be Spanish-speaking and 40 per cent would be women and so forth."

Carter proved as good as his word: 16 per cent of his circuit-court appointees were black and 3.6 per cent were Hispanic. In several instances, Carter openly permitted race or gender to override basic standards of moral and legal fitness for appointment to the bench.

Consider Carter's appointment of U. W. Clemon, now a U.S. district judge for northern Alabama. Clemon had been a feisty civil-rights activist with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund and was subsequently elected to the Alabama State Senate. The ABA Committee rated Clemon "not qualified" by a vote of 12 to 2. The hearings prompted by this rating were lengthy, but a sizable portion of the inquiry was devoted to denouncing the ABA's integrity in criticizing Clemon rather than to investigating Clemon's well-documented shortcomings.

In his reply to the Senate Judiciary Committee questionnaire, Clemon falsely denied that there were federal and state tax liens against him. Clemon's defense before the Judiciary Committee was that the tax liens had escaped his attention and that he had been careless in responding to the questionnaire. The hearing record also showed that Clemon had been apprehended for speeding at nearly 100 mph en route to the State Senate. He had declared at the time, on the State Senate floor, that he would continue to exercise his senatorial right to speed as long as white senators were also allowed to do so. Other charges against Clemon concerned his removal from the board of the Birmingham Area Legal Services Corporation in connection with allegations of cronyism and other improprieties. These various peccadillos raised questions about Clemon's judicial temperament, if not his integrity. But neither these considerations nor the ABA's "not qualified" rating proved important to the Democratically controlled U.S. Senate. Clemon was confirmed.

During the Carter years, ideology pervaded the entire judicial selection process. Carter used his so-called "judicial nominating commissions" to screen candidates for federal judgeships. These panels were touted as a means to eliminate politics from

Mr. Smith is Minority Chief Counsel for the Subcommittee on Technology and the Law of the Senate Judiciary Committee. The views expressed in this article are solely those of Mr. Smith and do not reflect the views of any member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. This article is excerpted from The Judges War, *edited by Patrick McGuigan and Jeffrey O'Connell, and published by the Institute for Government and Politics of the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation.*

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the process and to restore merit selection. In fact, the commissions were overwhelmingly partisan. Studies show that some 87 per cent of the members of Carter's circuit-judge nominating commissions were Democrats, and 79 per cent of the judicial candidates they recommended were Democrats. One report found that as of October 1980, 97.8 per cent of the judges Carter ultimately selected were Democrats. Yet when nominees produced by this process were introduced before the Senate Judiciary Committee, they were described, with no hint of levity, as the choices of "bi-partisan" nominating commissions.

Carter's Litmus Tests

THE MODUS OPERANDI of the commissions was straightforward. They grilled candidates on their political views. They explicitly adopted the kind of grossly improper "litmus tests" that the Reagan Administration has falsely been accused of using. One major study of the Carter nominating-commission process reports:

> Applicants had often been questioned [by judicial selection panelists] about nine contemporary social issues. . . . The four areas which received most attention were the Equal Rights Amendment, affirmative action, First Amendment freedoms, and defendants' rights. Candidates were also asked about abortion, capital punishment, busing, economic regulations, and a number of pending Supreme Court cases.

Some 41 per cent of the members of Carter's circuit-judge nominating commissions responding to a survey indicated that candidates were asked their views on the abortion issue during commission interviews. Several commissioners later confirmed that the political slant of the process heavily influenced the deliberations and recommendations of the commissions.

When judicial nominees are introduced to the Senate Judiciary Committee, the traditional ritual includes reporting that the ABA Committee on the Federal Judiciary has rated the nominees as "qualified," "well qualified," etc. But during the Carter Administration, it also became established procedure to recite evaluations from the Federation of Women Lawyers' Judicial Screening Panel and the National Bar Association, an association of minority (predominantly black) lawyers. The Women Lawyers' panel purported to determine the adequacy of a nominee's "commitment to equal justice," while the National Bar Association decided the acceptability of his "attitude on racial and social issues."

The ideological prejudices of these groups became institutional components of the Judiciary Committee's "advise and consent" procedure. Here is the official introduction during a typical confirmation hearing on three nominees during the Carter era: "The Federation of Women Lawyers' Judicial Screening Panel has reviewed the qualifications of the nominees and found that Professor Aldrich has demonstrated an exceptional commitment to equal justice, Mr. Holschuh has demonstrated an adequate commitment to equal justice, and Judge White has demonstrated significant commitment to equal justice." The charade proceeded as though these special-interest groups were performing a high public service of disinterested professional evaluation. In consequence, legitimate standards of qualification, competence, and integrity became hopelessly obscured and compromised.

Without a Qualm

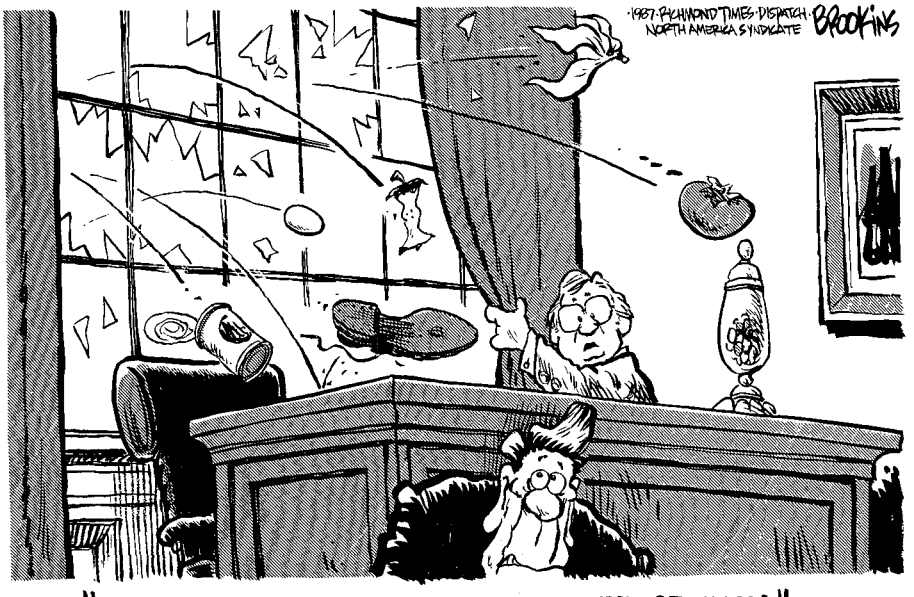
THE ABA itself colluded with the Carter Administration to disguise the mediocre quality of some appointments. As my colleague Peter Ferrara has reported, Brooksley Born, who served on the ABA Committee during the Carter years, says that Administration officials secretly lobbied the ABA for favorable ratings for minority judicial nominees. With no apparent compunction, Born notes that on at least one occasion, the ABA responded to this political pressure by changing a nominee's rating:

> There have been instances, particularly on minority candidates and women, where there was much interaction with the Attorney General and the White House. Much of the discussion focused on how standards should be applied and we discussed the standards in rather general terms. In one case, the Attorney General asked for a reconsideration. We did a new investigation and got a new rating of "qualified."

The racial double standard in ABA ratings prompted by the Carter procedures lingers on. During the hearings on Reagan nominee J. Harvie Wilkinson, for example, ABA Committee member Stewart Dunnings explained his vote finding Wilkinson "not qualified" in this way: "His admission to the bar did not comply with our rules, where we have announced that they should have at least 12 years. Now, we in the past, of course, have waived that, when you have an affirmative-action candidate—and certainly he did not fall within that category."

In the cases of several Reagan appointees, including Wilkinson, Senate liberals complained that the nominees received ABA ratings of only "qualified," as if that rating were equivalent to *unqualified*. But a straightforward "not qualified" sometimes carried no dire consequences for Carter nominees.

(Continues on page 68)



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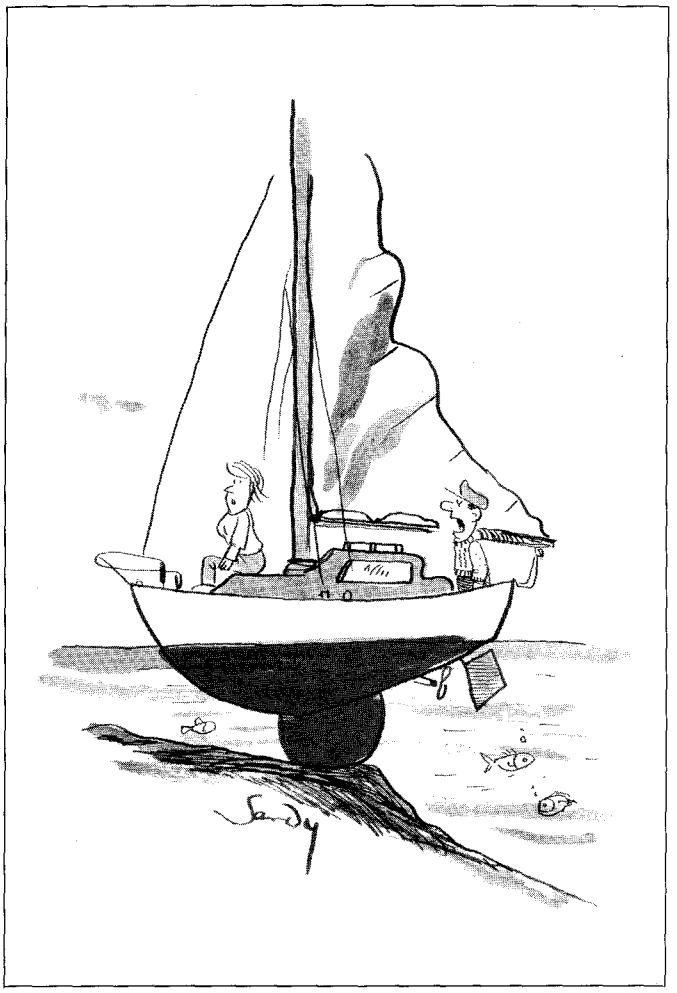

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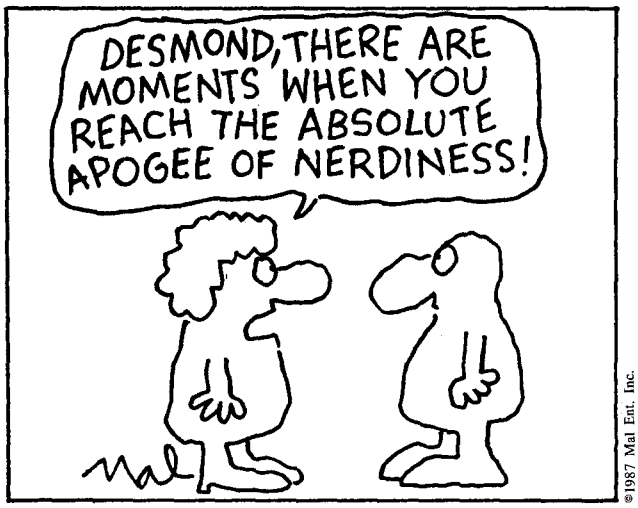

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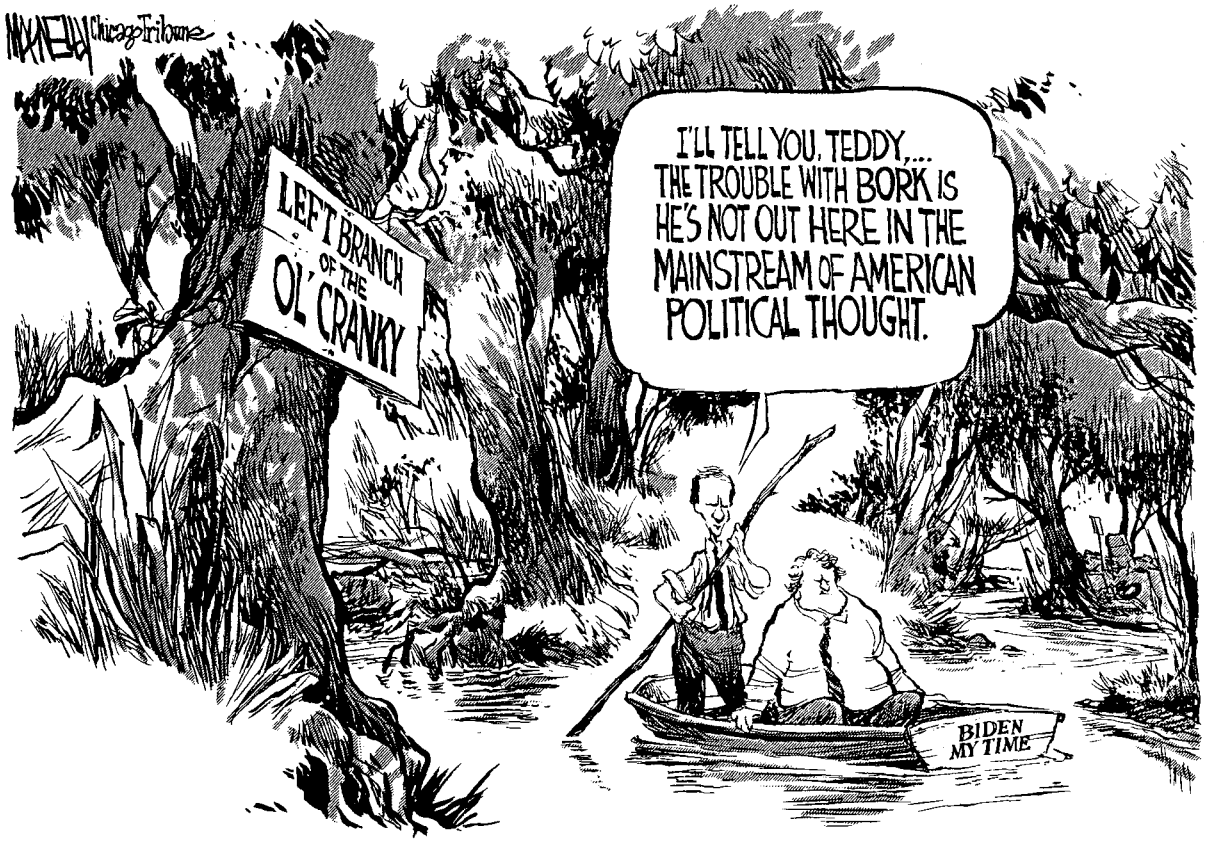
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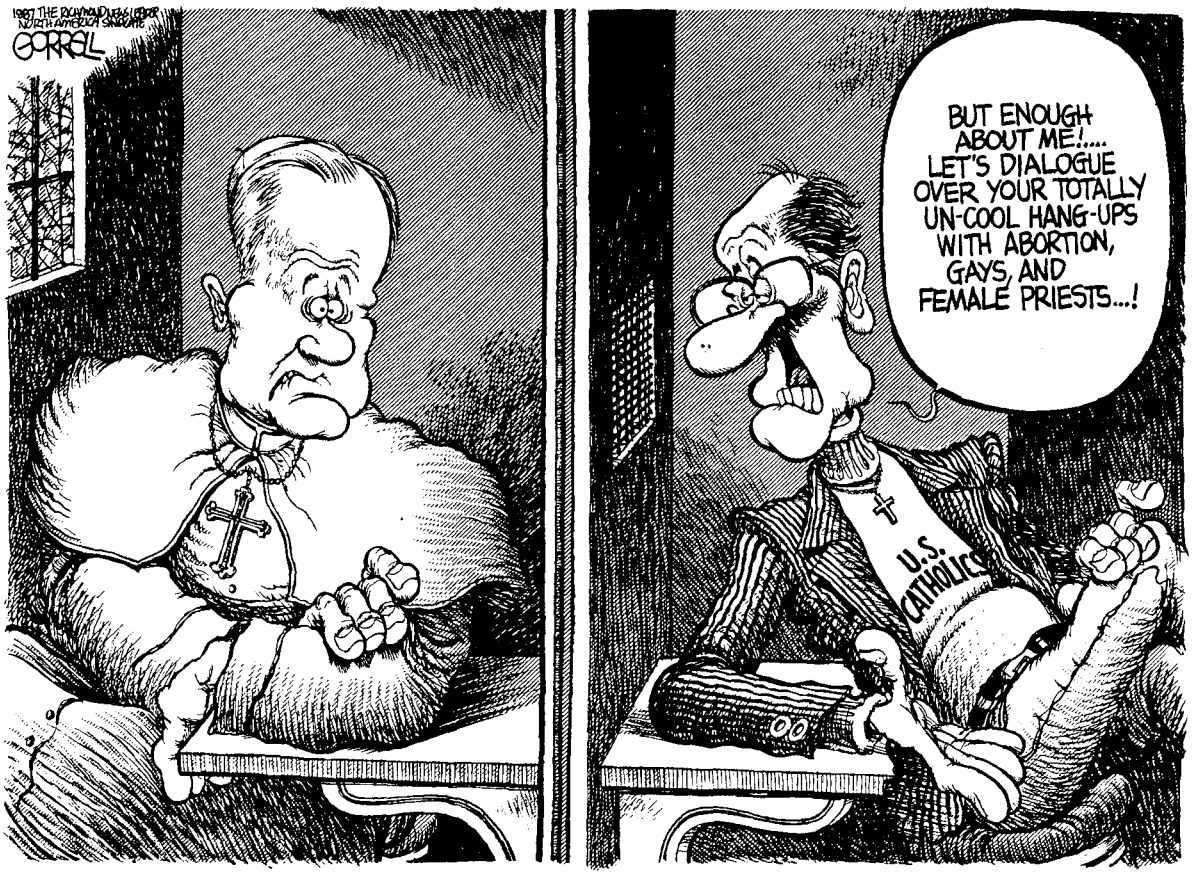
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ABROAD

CANBERRA *Brooding Bicentenary*

Australia is due to celebrate its two-hundredth anniversary next year, but the atmosphere of festivity is already threatened by controversy. For one thing, there is a row over choosing a new Australian flag. The present one has a British Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner, an historical feature that ought to be eliminated, according to a lobbying organization called Ausflag. The Ausflag leadership argues that the Union Jack is too reminiscent of the settlement of Australia by convicts and subsequent British colonialism. Ausflag wants something with kangaroos or koalas, according to designs submitted. Prime Minister Bob Hawke, however, will not hear of changing the flag just for the sake of the bicentennial jamboree in 1988. And then the representatives of Australian aboriginal groups, who settled the country forty thousand years ago, announced that they will not join the celebrations, which they describe as "farcical." The head of the National Coalition of Aboriginal Organizations said of the colonization of Australia: "It was an invasion, so why should we celebrate anything?"

LONDON *At the Bar*

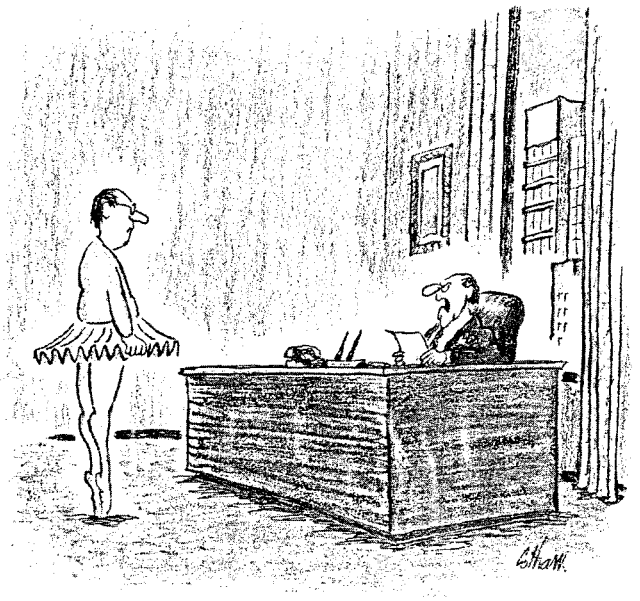
The white wigs worn by British judges and barristers are deeply and enduringly symbolic of the majesty of British law. Now the question has arisen whether barristers—that is, lawyers who plead before the bar—should wear wigs at all. Legal observers point out that it is not just a question of female barristers objecting to balancing half a pound of horsehair on top of their coiffures. The subject of debate is really the psychological power of such paraphernalia. Some barristers admit that they feel protected by their wigs and black robes, that they are thus able to separate their personal selves from the roles in which they have to act or talk tough. Many see the wig and gown as making a contribution to courtroom dignity through the centuries. Others say a professional is a professional, and theatrical props should not be necessary. Traditionalists need not worry for a while, however. Sources close to the Bar Council, which is entrusted with revising the rules for lawyers' conduct, say that there is unlikely to be any change in courtroom dress or etiquette in the near future.

PARIS *Reverse Nepotism*

Joseph Fesch was a poor Corsican priest destined to live out his humble ministry on a rock-bound Mediterranean island, except for one circumstance: his nephew became the Emperor Napoleon. During Bonaparte's early career, Fesch abandoned the priesthood for the trade of an army quartermaster. But when Bonaparte as First Consul signed a concordat with Pope Pius VII, Fesch re-entered holy orders and was quickly named Archbishop of Lyon, Primate of France, Cardinal, and Ambassador to the Holy See. Once accustomed to these exalted distinctions, Fesch turned his attention to collecting works of art, which, during the upheavals of the Napoleonic era, changed hands often, to put it mildly. After the Emperor's downfall at Waterloo, the Cardinal went into "exile"—in his own diocese—and sorted out his collections. At his death, Cardinal Fesch owned the astonishing number of 16,000 paintings and 17,600 other *objets d'art.* He left part of them in his will for the establishment of a "political and religious institution," which never saw the light of day. Some of this vast trove found its way to the museum of Ajaccio in his native Corsica, where it has remained largely unnoticed. But twenty of his finest Italian primitives have recently been restored and are now displayed in their full beauty in the Louvre.

CAMBRIDGE *Rabbit Redux*

Britain's rabbit population is expected to balloon again as the effects of the once deadly viral myxomatosis grow steadily less severe. In the early 1950s the rabbits had become a major threat to agriculture and forestry, and so the virus—originally used effectively in Australia, where rabbits are not native—was spread among them to reduce the rodents to manageable proportions. It's the old story of an animal growing resistant to control measures through natural selection: the rabbits' resistance to infection has outdistanced increases in artificial strengthening of the virus. The population of these creatures in Britain has now risen again to the level it was at in 1953, the year the virus was first introduced. John Ross, of the Ministry of Agriculture's Fisheries and Food Laboratory, says that myxomatosis is killing one rabbit out of three at present in Britain, but "that's nothing like enough—one doe can produce 25 to thirty young in one season. In order to keep the population steady, 90 per cent of rabbits would have to be killed before the following breeding season." A solution may be found in Australian experiments to alter the virus genetically to make it much more potent. One way to do this would be to insert genes into the virus that would suppress rabbit fertility and decrease reproduction. Another is to introduce a bacterial toxin into the genetic blueprint of the virus that would cause the death of infected rabbits. Practical application of these experiments is liable to be several years away, however.



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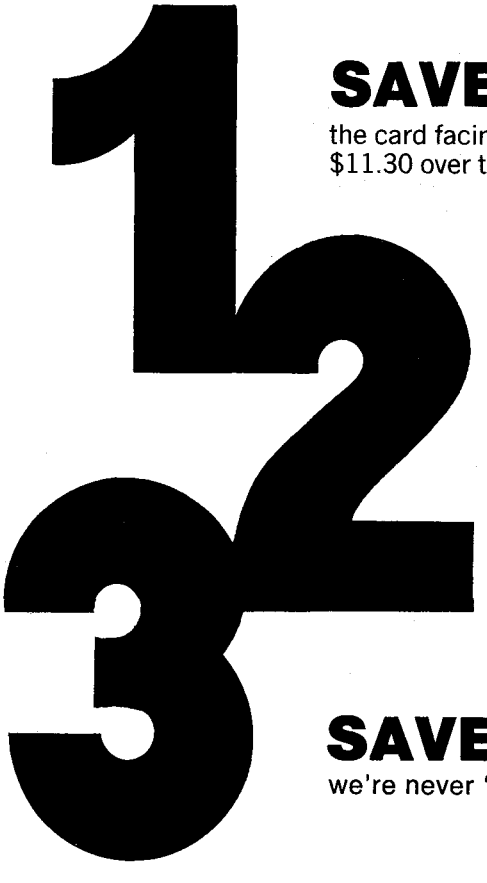

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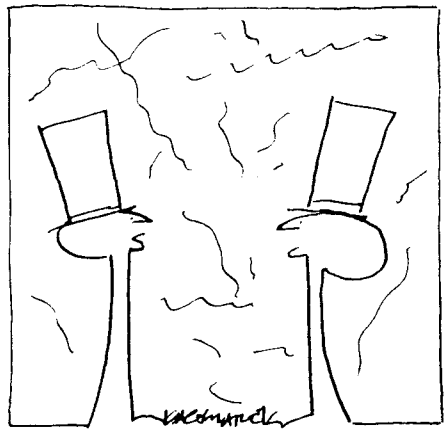
RELIGION'S SOCIAL LADDERS

IT USED TO BE that religious social climbing was a big factor in keeping the liberal churches going. Episcopal, United Church of Christ (Congregational), and Presbyterian churches all counted on the upwardly mobile's wanting to belong to a church that bespoke their achieved social status. Peter Berger has described "the young Baptist salesman who becomes an Episcopal sales executive." A writer in an Episcopal magazine recently said his church shouldn't worry about competing with the evangelicals. Episcopalianism, he somewhat smugly asserted, is America's "religious finishing school." That frankly elitist assumption made considerable sense in the 1950s and 1960s, but no longer.

A new study employs impressive empirical data to explain why, among other things, "the liberal Protestant community is mired in a depression, one that is far more serious and deeper than it has suffered at any time in this century." In *American Mainline Religion* (Rutgers), sociologists Wade Clark Roof and William McKinney examine "the circulation of the saints," how and why people move from one church to another. It used to be that "switching upward" in Protestantism was typically from conservative church to liberal church. But now traffic on the liberal ladders is sparse. In addition, those climbing into the liberal finishing schools are usually people of weak religious commitment. More often than not, they are graduating out of the church altogether and joining the growing ranks of the "nonaffiliated." This is yet more bad news for a liberal Protestantism that has been getting little but bad news for the last two decades.

Churches grow in three ways: holding on to the children of present members, winning people from other churches, and signing up the unchurched. In all three ways, liberal Protestantism is in bad shape. In contrast to the more moderate and conservative churches, the liberal churches' membership is old and getting older; death rates are up and birth rates are down. The people who do come in from other churches are generally social achievers with one or two or no children. If the children are old enough to decide for themselves, they are quite likely to skip finishing school altogether and go directly into the ranks of the nonaffiliated, where they will shortly be joined by their parents in any case. In what remains of liberal Protestantism, the clergy will increasingly get more practice with funerals than with baptisms.

OF COURSE Roof and McKinney may be wrong. In their analysis they have only empirical evidence and clear thinking on their side, and the future does have a way of coming up with the most confounding surprises. They have no animus toward liberal Protestantism and would clearly like to be surprised. They entertain the idea of some kind of revival of liberalism, but their words are wistful and almost plaintive, for they know that all the evidence points toward an ever-deepening liberal depression. If liberal Protestantism is not part of the new "mainline," they feel, something important will be missing from the religio-cultural mix, and they are probably right. The trouble is that nobody seems to know what the "something" is that might give renewed identity, purpose, and influence to the liberal churches. Roof and McKinney write that "liberal Protestantism's greatest need at present is to regain a sense of pride and appreciation for its own heritage," but they well know that their study is not going to do much to boost liberal spirits.



"It's the sound of knees jerking all over Washington."

Meanwhile, the conservative churches continue to grow, not least because they have constructed their own sturdy ladders of upward mobility. Today's Baptist salesman sees no need to switch when he becomes a sales executive. Indeed in large parts of the country, notably in the Sun Belt, the Baptist church is more likely than not to be the church to which the right people belong. For a good many liberal Protestants, the conservative churches are now the finishing school, both spiritually and socially. On the basis of the evidence they have mustered, Roof and McKinney propose a principle: "Persons whose levels of religious commitment differ from the prevailing norms within their respective traditions, whether liberal or conservative, tend to switch to a group more in keeping with their particular styles." In other words, indifferent Baptists become indifferent Presbyterians, while devout Presbyterians become devout Baptists.

Of course there are innumerable individual exceptions, but sociologists deal with statistical patterns. The pattern that emerges from *American Mainline Religion* is one in which liberal Protestantism, the old mainline, is increasingly the sideline. The liberal ladders are still out, but more and more they seem to attract only the disaffected on their way to becoming the disaffiliated. □

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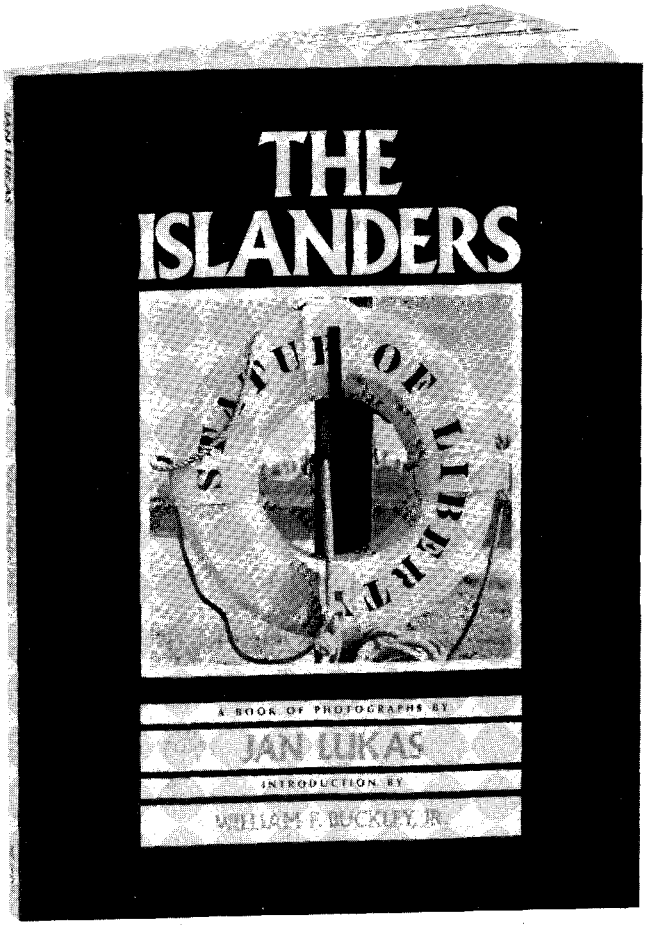

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NEW SOCIETY

Joseph Sobran

Stay Alive, My Son, by Pin Yathay with John Man (Free Press, 256 pp., $19.95)

PIN YATHAY was an engineer in Phnom Penh in 1975, when the corrupt Lon Nol regime was overthrown and the progressive forces took over the country, turned ancient Cambodia into Democratic Kampuchea, and evacuated the capital city. Thay (the short form of his name) wasn't worried. He teased his less-educated father, who thought the Khmer Rouge were Communists first, not patriots, and who feared the worst.

Thay's view was widely shared in the West. Anthony Lewis wrote in the *New York Times* that it was "cultural arrogance" to condemn the Khmer Rouge for the forced march of three million people, including the old and the sick, out of the capital and into the countryside: after all, they might have been acting on their own "vision of a new society." Indeed they were.

Before it was over, Thay had lost his entire family; had seen his tiny son, malnourished, curl up, fall asleep, and die; had paid the equivalent of $100 for a single chicken to eat; had been reduced to eating toad and bat; had learned that a neighbor had eaten part of her sister's corpse.

The forced march was deceptively gentle. The young Khmer Rouge soldiers treated the populace with great politeness, except when they found recalcitrance. The three million who left Phnom Penh that April day were assured that the move was temporary, that an American air strike was imminent, that they would be back in three days. They were living miserably in labor camps before they realized that they had been lied to and that the whole thing had been planned by the mysterious "Angka."

The rations kept shrinking, until a family of six had to live on a single can of rice per day. Almost all possessions were confiscated. The Khmer Rouge boys did all right for themselves, though: they operated a black market that somehow seemed to have limitless amounts of rice.

> Eventually, the explanation got around. The amount of rice to be distributed was calculated on the basis of the census carried out on our arrival [at the camp]. But the only people who knew the actual number of survivors were the Khmer Rouge themselves. They simply never reported many of the dead. Rice for those who had died kept on arriving. Thus, the worse we were treated, the more deaths there were, and the more rice the Khmer Rouge had for themselves.

Friends, neighbors, and family members disappeared regularly. Often they were politely escorted away, respectfully addressed as "comrade" by the Khmer Rouge, and never seen again, although Thay sometimes ran across rotting bodies in the grounds outside the camp proper. He had several close shaves himself, and had to conceal the fact that he was educated, which would have been enough to condemn him.

He heard one officer explain: "In the new Kampuchea, one million is all we need to continue the revolution. We don't need the rest. We prefer to kill ten friends rather than keep one enemy alive." This was the policy the Khmer Rouge constantly followed, and they had incentives to follow it. Thay overheard one soldier telling his peers that his new gold Omega watch had belonged to "that traitor who always used imperialist French words."

Chapter by chapter Thay recounts how everything he loved was stripped away. Dispossession, humiliation, sickness, and starvation are described in simple terms, along with the wiles that enabled him to escape final annihilation. Thay remembers his father with special tenderness: he came to realize how right and wise the old man was, and how little he reproached his intellectual son for having been so disastrously wrong about what a Communist victory would mean. On his deathbed Thay's father spoke the words that give the book its title: "Stay alive, my son." Thay repeated these words to his own young son when he and his wife were forced to leave the boy behind as they fled through the jungle.

Thay has already told his story in NATIONAL REVIEW (Dec. 22, 1978). This new, full account is even more moving and harrowing. The lesson of every paragraph is that the "new society"

H. W. Crocker III is a writer and editor in Washington, D.C.

Neil C. Livingstone, president of the Institute on Terrorism and Subnational Conflict, has published numerous books and articles on the subject of international terrorism, including The War against Terrorism *and* Fighting Back: Winning the War against Terrorism *(with Terrell Arnold).*

Terry Teachout, NR*'s TV columnist, is an editorial-page writer at the* New York Daily News.

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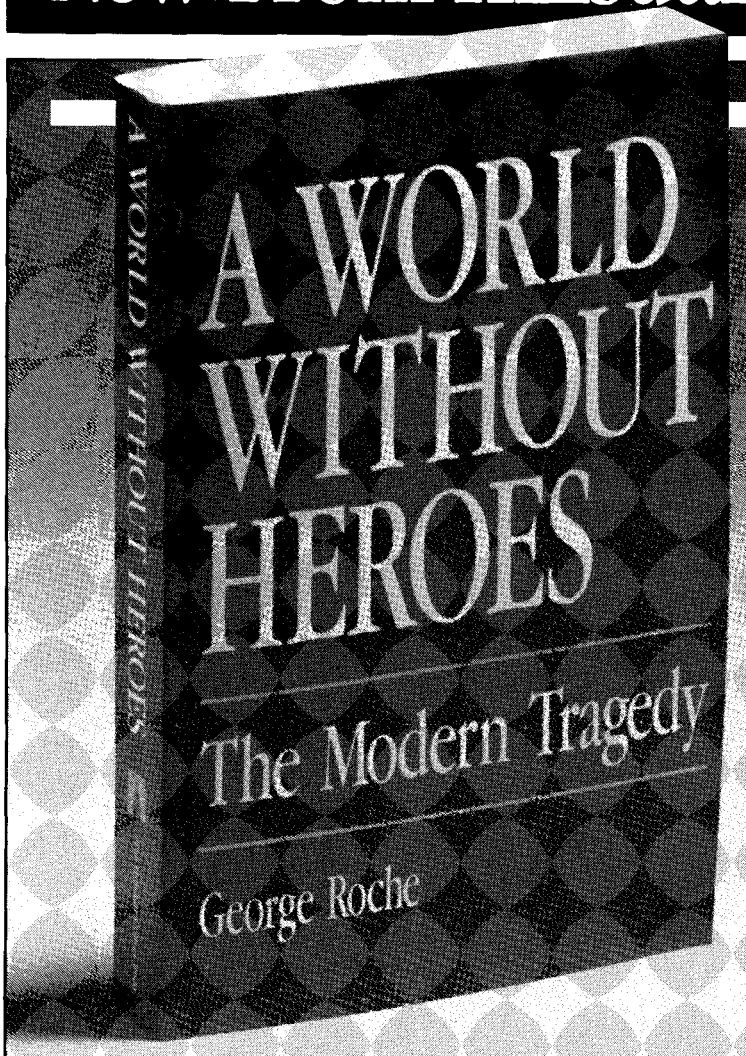

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By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk

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amounted to nothing but the obliteration of the old. The Khmer Rouge were not only cruel but inept, and absolutely indifferent to the impact of their ineptitude. Never, of course, did they admit mistakes. It was their method to keep hectoring and accusing their victims with the stupid litany of Communist catchphrases, alternating banal uplift with vague but terrifying threats. The victims themselves were forced to participate in ritual self-denunciation in order to eat; they had to tell their captors every detail of their conduct, from work to defecation. To hear this described in the words of a victim is to realize fully what a crushing experience this must be. If there is any "cultural arrogance" around, it lurks in the assumption that Communist "re-education" is less devastating for little yellow people than it might be for whites.

I can never read about the "New Kampuchea" without thinking of that "vision of a new society" so many Western liberals have looked forward to. In a 1969 article in *Commentary*, Robert Heilbroner wrote approvingly that socialism promises "a wholly new kind of society, free of invidious striving and built on motives of cooperation and confraternity." He admitted that building the new society might require "stringent limitations on political opposition, . . . forcible means of assuring economic cooperation, . . . a more or less thorough-going totalitarian transition, . . . intellectual stifflement, political repression, and enforced social conformity." He likened these necessities to "a long grueling march through a hostile hinterland." For, according to Heilbroner,

> the real resistance to [socialist] development comes not from the old regimes, which can be quickly overcome, but from the masses of the population who must be wrenched from their established ways, pushed, prodded, cajoled, or threatened into heroic efforts, and then systematically denied an increase in well-being, so that capital can be amassed for future growth. This painful re-orientation of a whole culture, judging by past experience, will be difficult or impossible to attain without measures of severity.

Stay Alive, My Son says much the same thing, though from a somewhat different point of view. Pin Yathay says that the Khmer Rouge warned slackers they'd wind up as "fertilizer." Many did. □

IMPROVING ON TERRORISM

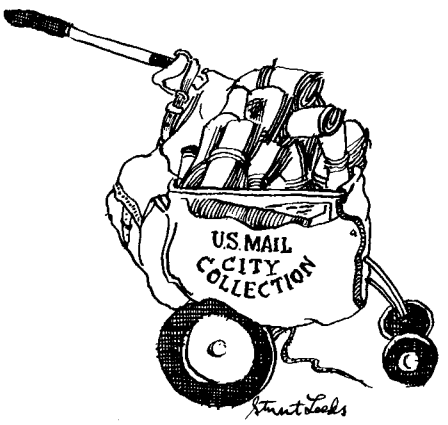
Neil C. Livingstone

The Age of Terrorism, by Walter Laqueur (Little, Brown, 385 pp., $19.95)

WHEN I APPEARED before a panel of professors at the Fletcher School to defend my dissertation on terrorism, one of the first questions I was asked was why my section on the historical antecedents of the problem was so short. I replied: "Because Walter Laqueur has already done it, and I don't think anyone could improve upon it." That seemed to satisfy my committee, and I weathered my defense.

I was wrong, however, to believe that no one could improve on Laqueur's classic 1977 historical study, *Terrorism*. This year, Little, Brown has come out with a new book entitled *The Age of Terrorism* by the only man qualified to improve on Laqueur—Laqueur himself. *The Age of Terrorism* is an expanded version of Laqueur's earlier work, which preserves the core study but adds new material on the funding of terror, the rise of state sponsorship, narco-terrorism, Abu Nidal, and a host of other subjects.

My only complaint, and it may seem a small one, is that the book has been renamed instead of being called a new edition of the earlier work. I suppose this is an artifice on the part of the publishers to attract more buyers, especially owners of the original book who might not spring for a second edition but would purchase a "new" book by the same author. For my part, I would gladly shell out $19.95 for Laqueur's fresh material and perspectives without being hoodwinked into doing so.



Perhaps Laqueur's most original new contribution in *The Age of Terrorism* is a chapter on "The Image of the Terrorist: Literature and Cinema." Movies and popular literature reflect society's tastes and values, and probe its darkest fears; not surprisingly, the terrorist genre has attracted a good many writers and filmmakers in recent years. Although terrorists are the bad guys we love to hate, Laqueur has carefully documented sympathetic portrayals as well. Many of his citations are obscure, and his knowledge of contemporary films is a bit spotty, but the chapter constitutes a basic reference work and a point of departure for anyone doing serious research on the subject.

Laqueur makes cogent predictions about the terrorism of the future (although I believe he overstates the potential threat of nuclear terrorism) and calls attention to the very real danger of terrorists' developing chemical or biological weapons of mass destruction. He also grapples with the question of exactly how the U.S. should respond to the terrorist threat, discussing among other things such taboo subjects as assassination. He correctly focuses on the perverted logic that condemns the individual targeting of terrorists but condones non-surgical methods—like the U.S. raid on Libya, or the shelling of the Chouf mountains around Beirut by the battleship *New Jersey*—that invariably injure or kill many innocent people and rarely punish the actual terrorists responsible for a particular outrage. While the use of battleships and bombers to combat terrorism strikes some observers as akin to swatting a fly with a sledgehammer, the suggestion that this nation hunt down Abu Nidal and consign him to "a dog's doom and a shallow grave" offends the sensibilities of many liberals, who protest that this is not "the American way." (It is the American way, I suppose, to kill innocent civilians instead?)

The issue of striking back militarily at terrorism is so politically and emotionally charged, observes Laqueur, that nations—like the U.S. and Israel—that retaliate "become attackers and earn the opprobrium of the international community." He goes on to say, "No government will lightly take such a course of action; it will adopt it only

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if it has reason to assume that the alternative—refraining from counteraction—would have fateful consequences, or if public opinion is so strong in favor of retaliation that it cannot safely be ignored."

While not trivializing the threat, Laqueur warns against overreaction to challenges posed by terrorists and their state patrons. "There is an inclination to magnify the importance of terrorism in modern society: society is vulnerable to attack, but it is also quite resilient," he contends. "Oil ministers are abducted, but not a single drop of oil is lost."

Bowyer Bell, whose contributions to terrorism research rank with Laqueur's, once quipped that the terrorism field is becoming so crowded and overwritten that "every new writer ought to be required to bring along two terrorists just to keep the field going." *The Age of Terrorism* stands apart from the avalanche of new books by pseudo-experts eager to cash in on the public's interest in terrorism. It is a yardstick by which all other writers' contributions should be measured. □

AN HONORABLE MAN

H. W. Crocker III

Anthony Eden: A Biography, by Robert Rhodes James (McGraw-Hill, 665 pp., $22.95)

EDUCATED AT ETON and Oxford (where he took a first in Oriental languages), Anthony Eden was at twenty the youngest brigade major in the British army in the First World War, at 26 a member of Parliament, and a bit more than a decade later the youngest British foreign secretary since the eighteenth century. In addition, he was a handsome man and a natty dresser, who had a well-cultivated taste for paintings and Shakespeare.

But Eden also suffered his share of adversity. He fought valiantly in the trenches in a war that claimed two of his brothers; his finances until late in his life were always unsteady; he lost a son in the Second World War; his first marriage ended in divorce; because of a botched medical operation, he was plagued for the second half of his life with poor health. But through it all he held up remarkably well.

The Great War, for all its bloody horror, did not make Eden a pacifist. Only six years out of the trenches, he made his maiden speech in support of a Conservative motion arguing for a strong air defense. As foreign secretary, he would become Chamberlain's *bête noire*, and eventually Churchill's understudy. Yet even under Churchill, Eden was for taking a tougher line against Stalin than either the prime minister or the Americans. The Americans, Eden wrote before Potsdam, "would gladly give Russia all Europe —except perhaps us—so that America might not be embroiled. All the errors & illusions of Neville C., substituting Russia for Germany."

Still, it is not so much Eden's stand against Hitler and Stalin that is remembered today, as his stand against Nasser at Suez—a stand that led to Eden's downfall, and to which Robert Rhodes James devotes roughly a quarter of this biography.

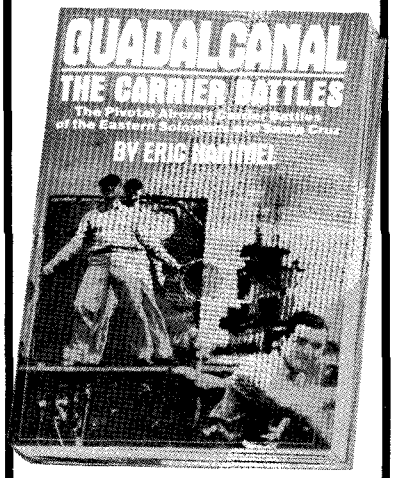
When the news arrived that Nasser had nationalized the Suez Canal, Eden, by then prime minister, was hosting an official dinner in honor of King Feisal II of Iraq. The reaction of the Iraqi prime minister was also Eden's—the British "should hit Nasser hard and quickly." Eden knew that Nasser's menace went far beyond his fierce anti-British rhetoric. Nasser was threatening pro-Western Arab governments with insurrection and was moving increasingly into the Soviet orbit.

If the British were angry, the French were incensed. As James puts it:

> Thousands of Frenchmen had shares in the Canal Company . . . and Nasser's involvement in the Algerian war had made him even more hated in France than in Britain. Prime Minister Guy Mollet and Foreign Minister Christian Pineau shared these emotions entirely; Nasser must be brought down, and force would be needed. They [were] . . . supported by every shade of political opinion in France, from de Gaulle in retirement to the Communist Party.

The British and the French geared up to strike at Nasser and occupy the Canal. On the American side, Admiral Burke, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, was for supporting the British and the French. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's position was ambiguous. He detested Nasser but also realized that Eisenhower was vehemently opposed to an Anglo-French invasion of Egypt because it "might well array the world

The second volume in Eric Hammel's historic Guadalcanal Trilogy



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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM SEPTEMBER: In *The Last Intellectuals: American Culture in the Age of Academe* (Basic, $18.95), Russell Jacoby argues that the non-specialized, non-academic intellectual—as typified in an earlier generation by Edmund Wilson and Lewis Mumford—capable of communicating his ideas to a general audience of educated readers, has been rendered nearly extinct by highly specialized and politicized academics, interested almost exclusively in New Left, neo-Marxist, and feminist scholarship and feverishly productive of "critical" and "scholarly" works, most of them technical, unreadable, and unread.

☐ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: *The Wolf of the Kremlin: The First Biography of L. M. Kaganovich, the Soviet Union's Architect of Fear* (Morrow, $19.95), by Stuart Kahan, is an odd and quirky volume, though not, ultimately, without interest. . . . *The Baader-Meinhof Group: The Inside Story of a Phenomenon* (Bodley Head/Salem House, $21.95), by Stefan Aust and translated by Anthea Bell, is an interesting history—written by a maker of TV documentaries—of the young urban guerrillas who in the 1970s made war on the German Federal Republic, killing 47 people and wounding 93, taking 163 hostages, and robbing 35 banks.

In *Economics in Perspective: A Critical History* (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95)—its author's 27th book—John Kenneth Galbraith considers the history of economic thought and literature from Aristotle to John Maynard Keynes and others. While noting that there has never existed any sort of consensus regarding economic truths, Galbraith argues that "the great truisms of economics . . . are evident for all to see."

Miami (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), by Joan Didion, is a rather indignant account of counterrevolutionary activity in southern Florida, where wealthy Cuban émigrés plot the overthrow of Fidel Castro's dictatorship. —CW

from Dakar to the Philippine Islands against us." It is heartbreaking to relate that, early in the crisis, when Dulles went to meet Eden at Downing Street, the people cheered him, thinking that the old wartime relationship still survived. They were in for a rude shock.

While the British planners plotted their invasion in painful slow motion, Nasser began to spout off about the Canal being "the Arabs' Canal" and threatened that its nationalization was only the first step in the creation of an enormous Arab empire that would in time ensure the destruction of Israel. The French, furious at British delays, went in search of a more enthusiastic ally. They found one: Israel.

Foreign Minister Pineau pointed out that under the terms of the 1954 Anglo-Egyptian treaty, the British were permitted to return to the Canal in an emergency. Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion was skeptical, but General Moshe Dayan welcomed the opportunity to strike at one of Israel's enemies with European support, and the deal was cut: Israel would attack. But in adopting this pretext, the British and French lost their opportunity to topple Nasser and occupy the Canal out of clear national interest and were put in a somewhat shady position. As James notes: ". . . it is clearly one thing to use the threat of force 'as a last resort' to buttress diplomatic and political pressure and quite another actually to use it as part of what was plainly a conspiracy. It may well have been a justified conspiracy, but there was no doubting what it was."

The Israelis struck, advancing rapidly toward the Canal. The British and the French also went into action. The British submitted their ultimatum that the Egyptians withdraw ten miles west of the Canal and the Israelis ten miles east within 12 hours. The time limit passed, and the Egyptian air force was destroyed on the ground by French and British air power. When the British and French troops arrived in the Canal Zone, they did so as putative peacekeepers. The Americans argued that peacekeeping was a job for the United Nations.

Suez should have been part of a great victory for the West. This was autumn 1956: ". . . Budapest was in chaos, Poland was ominous, and now it seemed that [the Soviets'] great hope of a major client state in the Middle East was being destroyed, and Nasser with it." But Eisenhower threw it all away. Not only would the United States not defend the Hungarians it had encouraged to rebel, but Eisenhower bullied the British into withdrawing from the Canal unconditionally. The United States even voted in favor of a motion in the UN General Assembly to censure Great Britain and France and demand an immediate withdrawal of their forces, and abstained from a vote on a Belgian proposal that would have deleted the motion of censure and asked for a *gradual* withdrawal of forces. The French felt betrayed by the British *and* by the Americans; the British felt they had no choice but to succumb to America's will; and Nasser and the Soviets emerged unexpectedly triumphant. The lesson of Suez is that we should all be Gaullists now.

Although Eden never doubted that he had acted properly at Suez—the Six Day War, among other events, vindicated him, he felt—it was the end of his political career. His health had broken, and by the end of the crisis he had had to retreat to Ian Fleming's home, Goldeneye, in Jamaica. On his return to London, he was not even permitted to make his own public statement at Heathrow airport. His colleagues had prepared a bland, anodyne speech for him, which he reluctantly accepted, though he had intended to deliver a much more robust defense of his actions.

Eden was an honorable man, who was dogged by lamentable bad luck. We might well wish that we had more European leaders like him today. That we don't is partly our own fault. Robert Rhodes James's biography tells his story admiringly and well. ☐

PURE HORSE S---

Chilton Williamson Jr.

Faulkner: The Man and the Artist: A Biography, by Stephen B. Oates (Harper & Row, 363 pp., $22.50)

I HAVE THOUGHT for years that Joseph Blotner's biography of William Faulkner, published in a one-volume redaction three years ago, was one of the most underrated works of modern literary-biographical history; now, after reading Stephen B. Oates's attempt to produce a work that would go beyond Blotner's supposed defects, I am sure of it. Oates says of his own book in relation to its predecessors:

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Joseph Blotner has given us a scholarly chronicle that is invaluable as reference, a massive compendium of information about almost everything Faulkner ever said, did, and wrote. . . . I have tried to do something else, something directed at a broad reading audience: a "pure" biography, as Paul Murray Kendall described it, whose mission is to elicit from the coldness of fact the warmth of a life being lived.

Well. Sorry about that, Joe. We know you meant well and all, but you—an old-fashioned Professor of English—have been moved over by a Professor of (Pure) Biography who is also (we are reminded repeatedly by the publisher) a "professional biographer with an international reputation." It is a distinction to be borne in mind as one reads this book, since, between a mere Professor and a Pure Biographer, there exists a distance to be measured in light-years, the former being a pedant only, the latter a true artist; and not only an artist but—as the author gravely informs us—an "artist upon oath":

> He cannot invent facts, but he can give them narrative form to tell a story. To tell Faulkner's story, I have used novelistic techniques but not fiction itself, for nothing here is made up. Functioning as "the hidden author," I've given Faulkner the stage, seeking to bring him alive through character development, through his interpersonal relationships, through graphic scenes, revealing quotations, apt details, and dramatic narrative sweep. . . . My narrative voice is empathetic, for empathy is what calls a human being from the darkness; it is the pure biographer's essential quality, his "spark of creation."

As we proceed from the Preface into the opening chapters of the book, the truth begins to dawn on us in all its majesty: the Pure Biographer is an artist whose literary genius matches that of the great novelist himself.

Oates & Faulkner, Faulkner & Oates: it is a combination made in Heaven. The "lonely, small-town Mississippian who won a Nobel Prize for Literature, who struggled all his life with his particular demons and discovered in himself and his world a window to the universe," has achieved his ultimate reward at the hands of Stephen B. Oates, Professor of Biography at the University of Massachusetts (Amherst) and author of biographies of (among others) Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr., as well as a work called *Biography as High Adventure: Life-Writers Speak on Their Art.* Too bad, therefore, that Oates can't write. Or can write. Or does.

There is some pretty terrible prose in this book; in fact, that may be all there is in it. Perhaps what was required was the talent of a novelist —a Pure Novelist—to bring off the lofty intentions envisioned in the Preface. Since seeing is believing, I offer a few examples:

"Or they would sit on swings at one of the bungalows and gaze at the spindrift heavens."—p. 51. (How the Master would have appreciated that composite "spindrift"!)

"That would sho-nuff give the town something to wonder about: Count No 'Count [WF] a father as well as the squire of Rowan Oak."—p. 95. (Literature, like Pure Biography, flows from the barrel of an Empathetic Gun.)

"If it [*Sanctuary*] sold, it would justify the [publisher's] risk."—p. 99. (I hope my publisher thinks the same way.)

"At the cemetery, he [WF] gave his daughter back to the earth, so that in some distant time it might give her breath again."—p. 103. (The conceit is taken from one of WF's better poems. Somehow, though, it sounded better coming from him.)

"But in August he heard the voices again, Civil War voices this time, and with them the pounding hooves of cavalry horses."—p. 107. (*The Pangs of Literary Inspiration: or, Why Faulkner Drank Liquor.*)

"Tormented by what had happened, [Joe] Christmas [in *Absalom, Absalom!*] wandered aimlessly for 15 furious years, running through a thousand savage and lonely streets in search of peace."—p. 114. (Is Oates working up Thomas Wolfe for his next biography?)

"Leave it to Dean [Faulkner] to do

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something like this."—p. 129. (Leave it to Beaver to leave it to Beaver.)

"By his own standards, he had failed to match the dream, which was to produce a perfect work of art. But he had done his best—that was what counted in the end."—p. 150. (In all great art, it's the intention that counts.)

"By now, Faulkner was out of control, spinning in an inner midnight of hallucination and terror."—p. 158. (If only Joe Blotner could write like that!)

"What in hell was going on here? Negro fighting men were risking their lives overseas while Negroes were getting mobbed and murdered in Detroit?" —p. 193. (Internal monologue: cf. Macauley and Lanning, *Technique in Fiction*, pp. 121-124.)

" 'Bill,' she said, 'I think it will be much better if we don't see each other again—ever.' He tried to protest, but she hung up. It was over then, the click of doom for him. Meta, Meta, what in the world . . . ?"—p. 208. (Expletive deleted.)

"It was July 6 now, the Old Colonel's birthday. At about half past one in the morning, Faulkner stirred and got up on the side of the bed, groaned, and then fell through the wall of oblivion and into the void beyond."—p. 321. (Again, the conceit is Faulkner's, but drawn from another context. It ought to have been left there.)

ITS UNSPEAKABLE writing aside, the book is marred by at least one error in transcription from Faulkner's letters (he wrote to Estelle Faulkner, "How's that for high?" after being asked to write a film script for Tallulah Bankhead; not "How's that for a high?" as Oates anachronistically has it: cf. *Selected Letters of William Faulkner*, Joseph Blotner, ed. [Vintage, 1977], p. 53); an egregious misreading of Bayard's encounter with Redmond and Drusilla's departure in "An Odor of Verbena" (*The Unvanquished*), testifying to utter incomprehension of the meaning of the story; and excruciating synopses of the novels, written in the same embarrassing prose and intended, apparently, to serve in place of that modicum of criticism which even the purest literary biographer cannot evade but of which this one is purely incapable. Nowhere in the book is there the slightest hint that Oates understands Faulkner's work, whether for its meaning, its structure, its technique, or its relationship to the modernist and post-modernist literary traditions. To compensate perhaps for these glaring—or rather blinding—defects, we are given some f--k letters, written by Faulkner to Meta Carpenter, his Hollywood mistress, that I do not remember reading in Blotner: Oates seems to have devoted a disproportionate amount of research to Meta, as well as to Faulkner's many other lovers, without, however, getting any more mileage out of them than Blotner did.

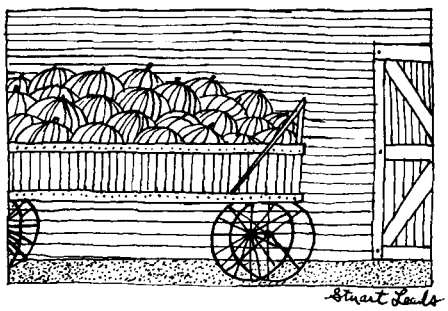
While it may be true that Oates's brand of novelistic biography does not invent anything, it is also true that it is at great risk of falling into a staggering vulgarity, to which, in the present instance, it has wholly succumbed. Faulkner, who was personally one of the most reticent men imaginable, belonged to that grand generation of American writers who not only did not seek publicity but actively fought it. As Edmund Wilson's response, upon hearing that *Time* was sending a reporter to Talcottville to interview him, was to announce that he would be awaiting him shotgun in hand, so Faulkner's reaction to word of a *Life* reporter's departure for Oxford was that he "would probably do whatever I can to impede and frustrate [him]." *Faulkner: The Man and the Artist* is nothing as a book. As a tool for the invasion of a great man's privacy, however, it is a modest invention, rather on the order of a flashbulb camera employed by a feature reporter having few of the resources of his craft, absolutely devoid of taste but with an excess of nerve. □

FILM

ALL IN THE ALLEGORY

John Simon

'ODYSSEUS HEARD the sirens; they were singing / Music by Wolf and Weinberger and Morley," begins a sonnet by the Australian poet John Manifold. The unseen mermaids in Patricia Rozema's *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing* regale the heroine, Polly, with a selection—also used in the



forthcoming *Five Corners*—from Délibes's *Lakmé*, which bespeaks a somewhat fishier taste. Even so, these recurrent warblers on the soundtrack may be the best thing about this first feature written and directed by the 29-year-old Canadian, which won the Prix de la Jeunesse at Cannes. *Si jeunesse savait!* It's a rather empty, clumsy short story, burdened with superannuated tricks and an allegory that sits like a spoonful of jam on a single breadcrumb.

Polly Vandersma (for which read Patricia Rozema), who narrates the story, does temporary office work around Toronto, even though—first of various absurdities—she cannot type. She is a cheery little waif, living alone, listening to records, videotaping her autobiographical ramblings (which, as reproduced on the big screen, make the eye shudder), and taking random snapshots of street scenes that catch her fancy. At such times, we hear a click, and the film goes into a black-and-white freeze frame representing Polly's photograph, one of the hoarier and more enervating cinematic clichés (cf. *Cry Freedom*, *Under Fire*, etc.). She also has black-and-white dreams and fantasies, some of them invisible, like the eponymous mermaids out of "Prufrock," others unfortunately visible, such as one of climbing up and falling off a skyscraper's façade.

For no good reason, the sophisticated Gabrielle St.-Pères, who runs a fancy art gallery and is called the Curator by Polly, takes her on full-time. Soon Polly is messing up the office and falling platonically in love with her boss. But Gabrielle has a genuine female ex-lover, Mary Joseph, a jaunty young hippie, who pops up to reclaim her as Polly watches, bemused and vaguely jealous. Forthwith something referred to as "Gabrielle's paintings" enters the plot, even though the one "painting" we see is a large sheet of milk glass uniformly lit up by a light mounted in back of it.

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Such things do pass for art nowadays, but why call them paintings?

The "paintings" are passed off by Gabrielle as her own, even though they are Mary Joseph's; this, along with Gabrielle's unfeeling rejection of Polly's photographs, submitted to her pseudonymously, makes the disappointed and hurt Polly toss a steaming pot of tea in the Curator's face. Later, she claims she did not know it was hot. (No fool like a holy fool.) But, then, not much makes sense on the literal level. Once we realize, however, that Miss Rozema grew up in a repressively Calvinist provincial family, allegorical meanings march in. Polly is the muddled moviemaker herself, and the Curator is the Creator she blindly worships until, wised up, she violently emancipates herself. The archangelic "Gabrielle" and the ambiguous "St.-Pères," or Holy Fathers, is as close as Miss Rozema dares come to naming her enemy; but light-up paintings (*Fiat lux!*) and the lover named Mary Joseph complete the muddy picture.

So Gabrielle proves a false God, and it is the human love of Mary and Joseph that is truly liberating: Mary Joseph encourages Polly about her photographs. But the ending, with unlikely plot elements sandwiched in among the final credits (as in Doris Dörrie's *Men*), defies all interpretation, unless it enacts Oscar Wilde's inversion of Pope, "An honest God is man's noblest work of art." Yet an even greater trouble is the banality of the dialogue, especially oppressive when it tries to be a witty spoofing of art-critical jargon (e.g., "oblique pragmatism") cheek by jowl with Miss Rozema's bad English (e.g., "This divine gift you have bestowed on we mere mortals").

The acting is undistinguished, even stiff, but critical kudos has focused on Sheila McCarthy as Polly, the holy innocent. For me, the performance is too studiedly simple, too preciously vulnerable, and not helped by a face that seems to have provided junk food for a family of rats, and a voice that breathlessly manufactures fake sincerity. Like the filmmaker, the actress wallows in a gutter of profundities, and the film bypasses the viewer's heart and mind, heading instead directly for his teeth.

AN ALLEGORY that fares somewhat—but only somewhat—better is *Orphans*, adapted by Lyle Kessler from his play, and directed by Alan J. Pakula. The play was a synthetic contraption out of Pinter and Sam Shepard, but it worked as a showcase for energetic actors and a clever director. Like it, the film concerns a prosperous drunken stranger, Harold (an *hommage* to Pinter?), brought to a tumbledown tenement by the petty crook Treat, who inhabits it with his disheveled, asthmatic, and seemingly feeble-minded younger brother, Phillip. While supporting and ostensibly protecting him, Treat bullies Phillip and keeps him from setting foot outside their hellhole. The young fellows are orphans—as, it turns out, is the financially and otherwise loaded Harold, whom Treat ties to a chair while he goes out to make phone calls to Chicago for ransom money to people whose numbers, along with a fortune in negotiable stocks, he has found in Harold's

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attaché case. No one offers a penny for Harold.

Meanwhile Harold wins over the weird but not really so retarded Phillip, desperately in need of paternal love, which Harold offers him. An amateur Houdini with bittersweet memories of the orphanage, the cheerful yet faintly ominous Harold frees himself from his chair and promptly takes over the brothers' lives and house. Soon he has turned the youths into dapper yuppies and made that pigsty into a model habitation. Treat now runs errands for him (it's not clear what kind, but surely shady), while Phillip helps out around the house. Harold gives Treat lessons in self-control (the funniest scene in the film) while teaching Phillip self-confidence, which includes the gift of a map that offers him the freedom of the city—Newark in the film. Suddenly Harold must leave on a mysterious business trip, from which he returns mortally wounded. As he dies, still dispensing encouraging words, the brothers sink to the depths of orphaned dejection.

The movie, like the play, is full of gloating mystification such as the single red, stiletto-heeled woman's pump Phillip cherishes, but for whose provenance he cannot, under Treat's jeering inquisition, furnish a credible explanation. Yet like Pinter, whom he clings to as fetishistically as if he were a red pump, Kessler seems to be flirting with allegory: orphaned mankind is rescued by an equally solitary God who redeems his lonely children, until he himself dies, thus plunging them into worse abandonment. As in *Mermaids*, there are elements that confuse the allegory (not an easy genre): why is God seemingly a criminal, and why is it an unnamed outside force that brings him down? Still, one can putter away at explanations, and there is a latent mystagogue in each of us.

The film, however, commits the error of going in for greater realism or cinematicness (one of the cinema's occupational hazards) by introducing an outside world with some of Treat's victims, as well as the elderly receiver of stolen goods who seems to be the cause of Harold's undoing—though it doesn't add up for a fellow of such omniscience and omnipotence to be killed by an obscure little fence. Above all, the intrusion of the real world diffuses the allegoric concentration of the hovel as macrocosm, even if it does give Albert Finney's Harold a chance to do a drunken song and dance in the Newark bar where Treat, whom he insists on calling a Dead End Kid (get the message?), picks him up.

Finney performs that scene with superlative charm and histrionic command, his drunkenness more Dionysian than disorderly, more pawky than puky. The actor played the role on the London stage, where, I wager, a more accomplished American accent by a British performer can never have been heard. Finney has an expansiveness, a bonhomie, a dogged complaisance about him that make him simultaneously irresistible and a mite scary. Kevin Anderson, of the Chicago Steppenwolf Ensemble, who played Phillip here and in England, is both befuddled child and sly faun, and turns Phillip's need for "a little encouragement" into something touching as well as droll. Matthew Modine is effective as Treat, but his performance and very looks remind one of such actors as Tony Perkins and Sam Waterston, whom one would rather forget.

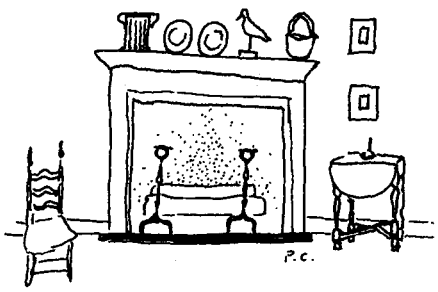
The roughhousing, the lightning role reversals, the suggestively shifting positions of the actors on the stage, moved about like counters in a hand-held puzzle, created an element of intense physicality, of presence and interplay, that the film, despite Pakula's conscientious direction and Donald McAlpine's eloquent cinematography, cannot quite reproduce. The players' athleticism, which was the stage production's strong feature, has been superseded by the camera's movements, more limited than, and even detracting from, the human body's volubility. Robbed of its nurturing medium, *Orphans* is itself orphaned. □

TELEVISION

THE CLOUD OF SERIOUSNESS

Terry Teachout

THE GREASY, smothering cloud of unrelieved seriousness that hangs over network news in general and CBS in particular is a comparatively recent development in journalism. Try to imagine a newspaperman on the trail of



a hot scoop and you invariably find yourself thinking of the cheerfully cynical manipulators of *The Front Page* or *His Girl Friday*. But from Edward R. Murrow to Walter Cronkite to *60 Minutes*, the news division of CBS has devoted the bulk of its vast energies to designing, erecting, and burnishing a myth of the anchorman as trenchcoated savior of the Republic.

These energies, interestingly enough, tend to soar in inverse proportion to reality. Murrow, some of whose work actually deserved to be taken seriously, was dropped by CBS because he made Bill Paley nervous. Cronkite became the most trusted man in America while operating a nightly headline service. *60 Minutes*, a piece of diverting fluff thinly disguised as a news program, is treated as a journalistic institution so revered that its mighty correspondents cannot even be spared for ratings-boosting guest shots on the *CBS Evening News*.

Because of this myth, it was all but inevitable that CBS would tap Dan Rather for its flagship newscast when Walter Cronkite retired. Rather has long been one of the chief acolytes of the cloud of seriousness. Whatever he was like before, Watergate turned him into a puff adder of hubris. It also placed him high on conservative hit lists. But the really exasperating thing about Dan Rather is not that he is a fact-twisting liberal. It's that he is a pompous buffoon who sincerely believes in the rectitude of the institution for which he works. Which is why what has happened to the *CBS Evening News* over the last few months has been so illuminating.

The boardroom coup that put Laurence Tisch in control of CBS last year was lustily cheered throughout the network's news division. Regular announcements that the Murrow Era was back, bigger and better and nobler than ever, were issued on the quarter-hour. (Whenever a janitor is fired at CBS, the Murrow Era is either gone

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forever or back to stay, depending on whose press conference you catch.) The chief cheerleader was Dan Rather himself. "Larry Tisch looks to me to be a good man to ride the river with," Rather announced last September in a soggy burst of obsequiousness. "I like the look in his eye, the warmth of his handshake, and what he says about news."

This remark suggests something of the way in which the cloud of seriousness shields those who inhabit it from the slippery, disagreeable details of life at the top. Television news, Dan Rather notwithstanding, is a tiny piece of a corporate enterprise whose sole purpose is to make money. During the Sixties, the entertainment division of CBS was making money hand over fist, and so the news division was treated as altruistic frosting on the cake, the ransom of respectability. But times have changed. Hypocritical executives who once paid smarmy lip service to the Murrow myth have now been replaced with cold-eyed profit-maximizers who couldn't care less.

Larry Tisch, finding that his hirelings in the news division had been riding the river in stretch limousines, wound up giving two hundred superfluous employees the sack. Dan Rather's next move was, to put it mildly, revealing. He broke simultaneously every rule in the corporate handbook by writing (or, some claim, merely signing) a piece for the *New York Times* op-ed page called "From Murrow to Mediocrity?" Said Rather:

> We take our public trust very seriously. It is why we are journalists in the first place. Our new chief executive officer, Laurence Tisch, told us when he arrived that he wanted us to be the best. We want nothing more than to fulfill that mandate. Ironically, he has now made the task seem something between difficult and impossible. I have said before that I have no intention of participating in the demise of CBS. But do the owners and officers of the new CBS see news as a trust . . . or only as a business venture?

Tisch's response to this outrageous piece of nose-thumbing was characteristic. He did exactly nothing. He didn't have to. Within a couple of weeks, the ratings of the *CBS Evening News with Dan Rather* slid ignominiously into the third-place cellar and stayed there. Tom Brokaw's *NBC Nightly News* beat the socks off CBS week after week. Viewers, it seemed, had finally tired of Rather's glib earnestness. By the end of the summer, "From Murrow to Mediocrity?" was long forgotten. The rumor mill even had Diane Sawyer, the Veronica Lake of television news, joining Rather as co-anchor in the fall and replacing him outright after the November elections.

This rumor was given an enormous jolt of credibility when Dan Rather bumbled into a matchlessly goofy fiasco. On the evening of September 13, Rather was anchoring CBS's Sunday newscast. The sports division had been covering the U.S. Open all afternoon. A match between Lori McNeil and Steffi Graf was running long, and ratings-conscious network bigwigs warned Rather that the overtime would have to come out of his 6:30 broadcast. Infuriated by this edict, Rather stormed out of the studio right at 6:30. The match ended at 6:32. The entire Columbia Broadcasting System thereupon went black for seven minutes.

Most people would doubtless have taken this little peccadillo in their stride: So the network went black. Big deal. That's what test patterns are for. Besides, Rather hotfooted it back to

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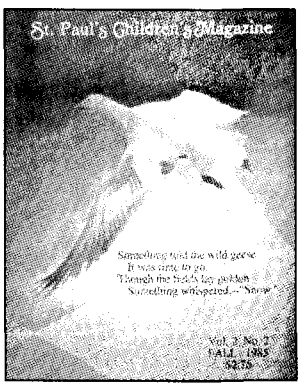

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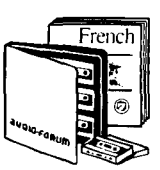

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the studio and got on the air as soon as he realized that his childish tantrum had left CBS eyeless. But what did he do next? *He issued a statement.* "I would never, nor would anyone at CBS News ever think of deliberately allowing the network to go to black," Rather told a breathless America. "I do believe that the *CBS Evening News* is a public trust and will continue to do anything and everything to meet the responsibilities of that trust." Meanwhile, Larry Tisch played it cool. He called the blackout "unfortunate" but said he wouldn't "condemn" anyone. For building confidence, this ranks right up there with a friendly peck on the cheek from Don Corleone.

The final irony of Dan Rather's predicament, of course, is that the ratings of any evening news program are primarily determined by how well the rest of the network's evening schedule is doing. The quality of the newscasts themselves is largely irrelevant. If you watch *The Cosby Show*, you'll probably watch Tom Brokaw. NBC's schedule last season was virtually invulnerable. Hence the decline of Dan Rather. The difference between the ratings of the three network news programs, in any case, is statistically trivial. Ratings matter to the networks

THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

IT HAS LONG been fashionable in liberal circles to explain the widening economic gap between rich and poor countries as due largely to the exploitation of the latter by the former —first by outright colonialism, and then, since the end of World War II, through neocolonialism and unfair economic exchanges.

In *Third World Ideology and Western Reality: Manufacturing Political Myth* (Transaction Books, $19.95), Carlos Rangel, a Venezuelan journalist and former diplomat, refutes these arguments and offers a number of solutions to the plight of the less-developed areas of our planet, even if, in the end, he doubts that genuine reforms will be enacted, given the political usefulness of "Third Worldism" for the international Left.

Rangel points out that as recently as two centuries ago virtually the entire world was "underdeveloped"—only it didn't know it. What is today characterized as underdevelopment was simply the normal state of affairs. Moreover, when European countries that were making economic progress came into contact with non-Western peoples that were not, as when the French trounced the Mamelukes at the Battle of the Pyramids in 1798,

> it had not occurred to anyone that such difference was an injustice to be corrected, and not at all that the West was somehow guilty of a situation—the poverty of the Egyptian masses—that had always existed. . . . If someone had told the defeated Mamelukes that their military inferiority opposite Napoleon had been caused by Western imperialism, they wouldn't have known what he was talking about.

What has taken place, especially in the post-World War II era, is a reversal in the way people explain economic differences between nations. Rather than acknowledging that some nations have taken steps that lead to development, while others have not, it is currently accepted as axiomatic that the West is rich because it has plundered those countries that remain poor. "Third Worldism," in Rangel's opinion, "has become the most potent socialist weapon of our time."

Rangel points out that the contemporary theory of "dependency" descends from ideas first enunciated by the British Marxist John Atkinson Hobson. Lenin adopted Hobson's thesis and developed it further in his tract *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism* (1916). There Lenin wrote, in prose that sounds very familiar to modern ears,

> Capitalism has created a handful of rich and powerful states that plunder the rest of the world . . .
>
> The division of the world into two groups, the colonialist countries on the one hand, and the colonized countries on the other, is not the only characteristic [of imperialism]. There also are *dependent* countries: countries that officially enjoy political independence, but in fact are entangled in the [imperialist] system of economic and diplomatic dependence.

Lenin thus summarized what is today accepted by "educated opinion" as the most valid explanation for economic differences between the West and the rest of the world. (Japan, Singapore, South Korea, and the Republic of China are considered to be either "flukes," or simply workshops for Western capitalism.)

The author devotes four chapters to exploding the fundamental assumptions of Third Worldism. He points out, for example, that the spirit of inventiveness and rationalism—the key prerequisites for modernization and economic growth—have deep roots in the West, going back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The advanced capitalist countries do not owe their success to the Third World; they were wealthy before the start of their colonial undertakings. Some of the most prosperous Western countries (e.g., Switzerland, Sweden, Austria) never had Third World colonies. Others (as the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand) were themselves colonies. Still others (Holland, Belgium) experienced their greatest levels of economic prosperity precisely after they lost their colonies. And many countries—Uganda comes to mind—are racked by poverty and mass suffering "caused not by the colonial relationship but by its termination."

Development theorists, Rangel concludes, consistently fail to draw attention to cultural differences "that are clearly the principal explanation for the inequalities that persist among nations." To do so would undermine the notion "that [Third World nations] are free from responsibility for their backwardness."

Despite the technological and economic might of the West, Rangel is not confident about our future. He perceives that a "malaise has profoundly penetrated the soul of Western societies and could become their ruin." If the West collapses, its demise "will have been caused, as always in history, more by internal factors than foreign challenges, and to a large extent by the growth within the body of Western societies, as a cancer, of the Third World ideology." □

Mr. Lutton is covering "The Right Books" this issue. His writing has recently appeared in Chronicles *and* Strategic Review, *as well as in* NR.

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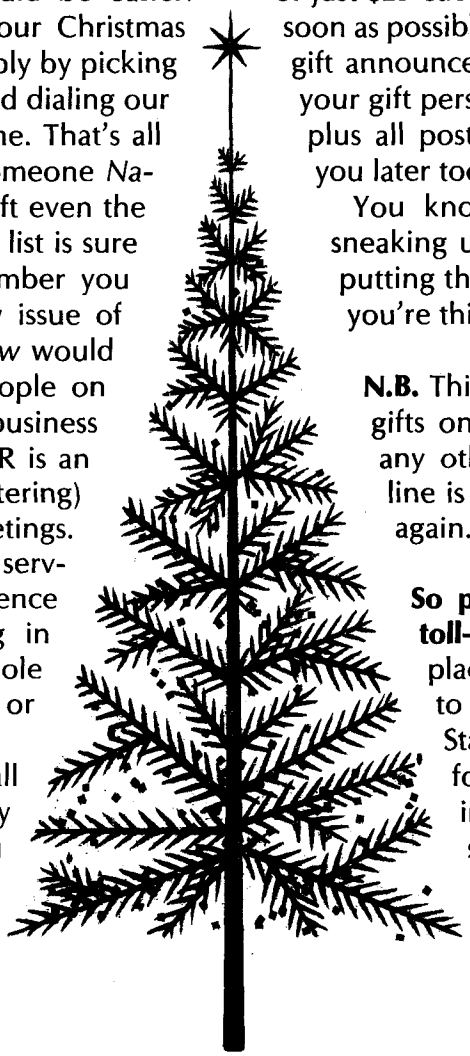

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only because they matter to the sponsors. The whole thing is an elaborate game scored on a balance sheet. Unfortunately, the rules are zero-sum.

All things considered, you'd think Dan Rather would have seen fit by now to pop his head out of the cloud of seriousness for a moment or two and start acting like a human being. Guess again. The folks at CBS recently suggested that he might want to tone down his clenched-teeth-and-methedrine delivery. Rather dutifully slowed his teleprompter to a crawl and spent a solid week snoozing on the air. The ratings remained in the toilet. So what did Rather do this time? *He gave an interview.* "I kept hearing that we should be laid back, homogenized, yuppieized, because that's the fashion of the Eighties," he told Tom Shales of the *Washington Post.* "I don't know that to be true."

For the moment, then, Dan Rather is back up to speed again, hopscotching the world for headlines, making a derailed milk train in Rhode Island sound like the end of civilization as we know it, desperately pretending that the way in which he earns his $2.5 million a year matters to someone besides Larry Tisch's accountant. His ratings are even looking up. But Rather's days are numbered all the same. Looking like a fool with the red light on, after all, is the first deadly sin of broadcast journalism. When Dan Rather committed it, the cloud of seriousness floated gently away, leaving him alone and unprotected and wondering, one suspects, why nobody takes him seriously any more. □

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AURA WATCHING

D. Keith Mano

"The manipulation of fervor is the germ of bondage."—Milovan Djilas, Wartime

AND HERE, at Laura Bankoff's aura see-in, fervor has been pre-fabbed, wrung out, blown to absolute lettuce juice. Look now, Ron is standing before a white screen. The thirty or so of us are supposed to double-O his electrical sweat, then describe it. We expect neon light shows or at least some important effulgence—we have been promised as much. "Don't worry. Everyone's gonna have an aura, everyone's gonna see them. Now, Ron, close your eyes and think of positive things. You see it around his arms? See the green right above his head?"

And, of course, there is *nothing.* Not so much as a dashboard ashtray light. Ron has zero wattage. He doesn't scintillate. At most I see the white retinal afterimage that comes from staring at some fixed object with too much credulity. But, around me, it is all transport and fume. "See, see, pale yellow." "Over his whole body, purple-pink." "Oh, blue." "Pink and red, especially on his left side." Unless Miss Bankoff is directing them to see some specific shade of spirit, they contradict and confound. They compete for a psychic service stripe. Not DKM, though. Throughout I've said, "Well, this is a refreshing hoax. The emperor's new aura." But Miss Bankoff is cool enough to ignore me. And now she has signaled for lights off: we'll see that external protoplasm better in the dark. "Better?" I say. "Now we can't even see each other."

Laura Bankoff is a fetching little item: blonde, plump, cute as pouched rats are. Her "shure" and "wow" verbal repertoire can interdict cynicism pretty much. One thousand gullible people have taken this course. That's $36,000 for Miss Bankoff and The Learning Annex, whose founder is worth $6 million and on the cover of *Success* magazine in September. Consciousness and soy-burger sensibility have become super-fash again. *The Village Voice,* in a long feature piece, attributed "New Age" chic to Shirley MacLaine (her book *Out on a Limb*) and the harmonic convergence (foreseen by Mayan hieroglyphic writing) last August 16. Over-intellectual Western culture, you see, is dualistic. This, wrote Lois Dragen, "results in a separation of mind from body . . . man from nature." New Ageism, on the other hand, just results in a separation of wallet from mazoolah.

But back to Aura Central. We have been rubbing our hands together: a dry, late-August insect sound. "Relax. Now hold your hands two inches apart. What d'you feel?" Well, I get a kind of resistance, a positive-negative do-si-do, such as stand-offish magnets dance. The human machine, doubtless, has electrical consequence. My mother won't let me wear rubber soles for fear I'll go blind from overinsulation. But our complex circuitry isn't the sort of phenomenon one can read like a four-color press kit. Simple and simplistic blur in New Age Thought. And the salient characterisic isn't curiosity or caring, it is childish impatience. We want to have power and insight *now.* And now—now Miss Bankoff is making us rub our collective third eye. Then draw the right hand back over brow and through hair. I know what a housefly is up to on my kitchen garbage pail: he's cleaning his aura.

I'm up for an aura frisk next. Everybody is supportive (no one, you note, has a *bad* aura). "Oh, green." "Yes, I see green." At which point some dull pragmatic says, "Maybe he should take his green sweater off." Good suggestion: I do. Now they see purple and pink (I had a purplish shirt on underneath). Laura of the Aura, trying to defuse me with praise, says I'm obviously a prophetic person. "Yup," I say. "I prophesy that you'll make a whole mess of money from this gig."

The aura is your psychic halo. Like

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that gold satellite dish we observe over Jesus' head in medieval painting. Because folk were "less intellectual and more relaxed back then," an aura was easily seen. From that remark you understand the peer pressure in Laura Bankoff's classroom. Those who cannot see are uptight, literal-minded, and not *chosen*. Though I found four or five people who would admit—after class and over a beer—that they had seen no aura whatever, my experience was disconcerting to the point of nausea. New Age people are, in general, sweet, pathetic sheep: the raw material of statist repression. They cannot think for themselves because they have been taught that reason is tacky and deficient, that unquestioning discipleship will confer potency or revelation. There are eerie resemblances between the word "holistic" and the word "totalitarian."

A consciousness mind, moreover, is predominantly a leftist mind. What holds for the actor (see my previous column on liberalism in theater, Sept. 11) holds for New Age thought. Both prize emotion and authenticity over intellect. Show lack of "feeling" (i.e., debased sentiment) and they will ostracize you. People who can see nonexistent auras can also see nonexistent CIA atrocities in El Salvador; who cherish psychic power will cherish compassion before reason; who seek group consolation and solidarity will prefer Communism to individualistic capitalism. In fact, people who refute the evidence of their eyesight—even with an innocent intention—are people who have learned to lie. And those who lie will be liars' prey.

But, hold on, Laura Bankoff has one more psychic prank to play. She seats a woman class center. Four people try to lift the woman: they can scarcely do it. But what if they pool their electromagnetic power? Miss Bankoff has them pile hands above the woman and count down—ten, nine, eight—allez-oop! She is raised. (Teamwork, shall we say, with a little warmup beforehand, not surprising.) Person after person is lifted by one quartet or another. Until they reach squat, truculent, 180-pound DKM. Hands up, count down, allez oooooops . . . Three of them are on the floor, one with a strained back. Two screws pop from my chair. I haven't moved one inch. Call it a victory for Western culture. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Weapons against Chaos, by Mary Ewald, preface by Richard Wilbur (Devin-Adair, 70 pp., $14.95)

SO MUCH poetry is being published today that even the assiduous reader, overwhelmed by it, cries help! And is grateful when someone can tell him, Wait a minute: there's really good writing here—as in the new book of poems by Mary Ewald, *Weapons against Chaos*. Mary Ewald believes that language is the way we organize reality; it is one of our principal "weapons against chaos." Robert Frost had the same idea, offering a definition of poetry as a "momentary stay against confusion." This is certainly a valid way to look at poetry, but then the poems have to deliver the goods. As I read Mary Ewald's poems, she reminds me of Frost, often of Yeats, and sometimes of I. A. Richards (a more interesting poet than is generally recognized). Her opening sonnet, "Heard Weapons," is—and I am not afraid to say it—as good as Yeats:

Defining light-years, speech
reverberates,
Sending small messages pulsing
cunningly caged
In a lonely semaphore that penetrates
By sound and symbol the nebulous
region of word:
Poems, in the battle with the changing
armors waged
Against chaos and old night, weapons
heard.

Mary Ewald is a formidably intelligent and learned poet, adventurous in her themes, but the effect of her learning and reason is to startle us with the power of her emotion. In her "Enchantment" she has written, in 13 lines, one of the great love poems of the twentieth century, full of the tension between life and art, but with life, I think, winning. JEFFREY HART

Jonas Savimbi: A Key to Africa, by Fred Bridgland (Paragon, 512 pp., $21.95)

THE TYPEFACE will kill your eyes, and the writing may bore you, and Fred Bridgland tells you more than you ever wanted to know about Jonas Savimbi. But everything you need to know is here. Bridgland, a former Reuters correspondent, gives the whole

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tangled history of the Angolan war of independence and of Savimbi's complicated career. Perhaps the most interesting item, for conservatives, is this: "Though, for tactical reasons, Savimbi was presenting himself in the U.S. . . . as the West's man in Africa, in my conversations with him he always rejected the simplistic 'pro-Western' label pinned on him by right-wing Americans . . . —his was a *pro-Angola* fight, a fight for the right of people to choose their own government." At first blush, a disappointment. But what more could we reasonably expect? And what more—since the occupying power is no longer Salazar's Portugal, but Castro's Cuba—could we reasonably want? RICHARD BROOKHISER

SMITH

(Continued from page 46)

Besides Clemon, the Senate confirmed two more Carter nominees rated "not qualified." Twenty-two Carter district-court nominees were rated "not qualified" by a minority of the ABA Committee, but such mixed ratings rarely prompted closer scrutiny of the nominee.

Robert Aguilar, for instance, was rated "not qualified" by a minority of the ABA Committee. Mr. Aguilar had not only served less than one year in his position as a local trial judge in Santa Clara, California, but had also dropped out of law school before completing his degree. Since a law degree might reasonably be considered a basic qualification for appointment to the federal bench, some questioning of Aguilar would have seemed in order. But the only question raised in the Judiciary Committee was a personal query from Senator Heflin about the health of Senator Cranston's son, who had just been injured in California.

Judicial selection has never been completely apolitical. But to understand fully the havoc wreaked by Carter on the integrity of the process, it is necessary also to look at the treatment accorded some of his best-qualified appointees.

Cornelia G. Kennedy was nominated for the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, having served with distinction as a federal district judge in Michigan since 1970. She was rated "well qualified" by the ABA Committee. But under the strangely skewed standards of the Carter era, Judge Kennedy was subjected to a prolonged and bitter confirmation challenge largely because she had been criticized by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. Her adherence to the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure in dismissing frivolous and contrived cases was also roundly criticized. The Democratically controlled Judiciary Committee found these criticisms so disturbing that it called some 24 expert witnesses to testify about Judge Kennedy. The judge appeared before the committee in July of 1979 and had to return two months later to confront the rising attack on her record.

Rarely, if ever, have considerations of raw partisanship and ideological prejudice so thoroughly distorted the judicial selection and confirmation process as under Carter. It is greatly to Reagan's credit, and one of his unsung achievements, that he has succeeded in restoring the integrity of the process—at least on the executive branch's side. □

STEINMETZ

(Continued from page 34)

(These are enormously expensive: fifty rubles for *Doctor Zhivago*, thirty rubles for a rock record, one hundred rubles for a collection of St. Thomas Aquinas.) There are also *samizdat* editions. But although non-official works themselves are banned, the people who create, translate, read, possess, and even copy and circulate them are usually *not* sent to jail.

So, when thaw, détente, or *glasnost* comes about, what actually happens is that a few very select items are lifted from the vast region of non-official culture and—by being exhibited, produced, or published by the State—transplanted into *semi-official* culture. This is done very carefully and on the highest level. Thus when, in the late 1960s, during Brezhnev's détente, it was decided to publish a first Soviet edition of Picasso's works, it was Brezhnev's deputy who supervised the publication, making sure that the number of Cubist or Surrealist illustrations would be kept to an absolute minimum. (Most of the copies of the book, incidentally, were sent abroad.)

Thus the process of *glasnost* (or thaw, or détente) always involves but two segments of Soviet culture—the non-official and the semi-official. It does not influence the official culture,

William F. Buckley, Jr. says:

"Jeffrey Hart is a writer of promethean talent..."

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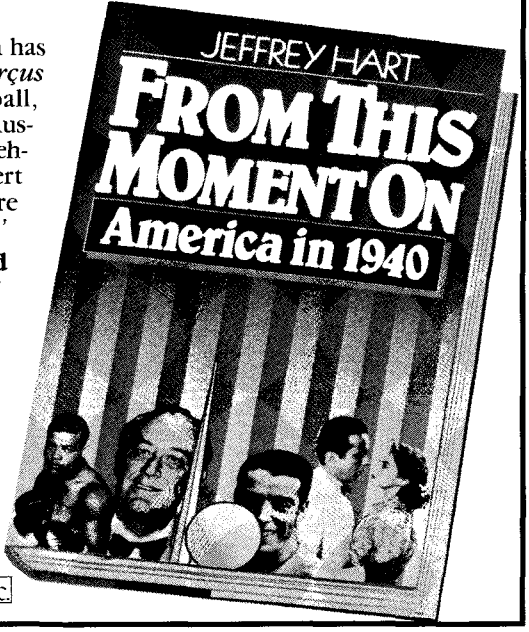

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and it absolutely never embraces the *underground*, or dissident, culture.

Underground Soviet culture is distributed in essentially the same way as non-official culture, with one crucial difference: those who are caught creating, translating, duplicating, looking at, listening to, reading, or circulating underground material are given lengthy prison sentences.

Underground culture is not as diverse as the non-official, but its range is still quite broad, from the classics such as Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Orwell's *Animal Farm*, and Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* (you get the longest prison sentence for reading this one) and *Lenin in Zurich*, to the works of Djilas, Amalrik, and Mikhailov, to any other current Soviet or Western writings that critically examine some aspect of Marxism-Leninism, the October Revolution, Soviet military and economic policies, religious "freedom" in the Soviet Union, and so on. In the realm of music, it includes folk songs and chansons criticizing the State. In visual arts it includes paintings and drawings with anti-Soviet undertones or cartoons lampooning the Party leaders. Political jokes making fun of sacred Soviet symbols (the most popular are about Lenin and the revolutionary hero Chapayev) are also forbidden. In short, those works that either challenge Communist Party rule directly or raise moral doubts about its legitimacy must stay underground. Under Gorbachev's *glasnost* a new and severe punishment has also been imposed for reading and distributing material concerning the non-traditional religious sects that are rapidly becoming popular—Jehovah's Witnesses, Adventists, Hare Krishnas, etc. The State feels threatened by them because they are small and mostly non-centralized, making it very difficult for the State to penetrate and manipulate them as it does the mainstream denominations.

The Soviet State's attitude toward non-official and underground culture is the litmus test of freedom, and it is in this critical area that *glasnost* fails most miserably. As long as Soviet culture is divided between, on the one hand, a state-supported multi-billion-dollar propaganda effort and, on the other, a few small islands of genuine intellectual and artistic enterprise under constant and sometimes deadly threat, any talk about *glasnost* is a tasteless joke. □

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NICE TRY

NEW YORK, SEPT. 21

IT IS A FALLACY to say that because John did A, therefore it is right, and to be expected, that Jim should do A. And the bearing of this is of course Fortas-Bork.

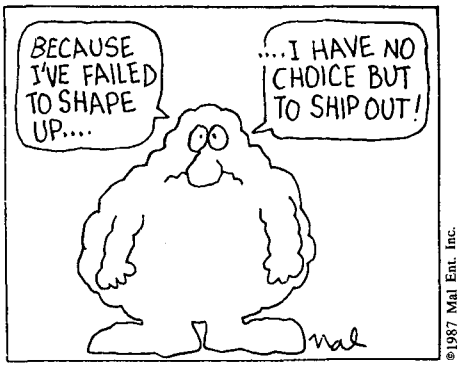
The argument of the liberals is neat, not to say facile. In 1968, President Johnson nominated Abe Fortas to succeed Earl Warren as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This was a maneuver. Its background: Earl Warren hated Richard Nixon above all other men alive, and caucused with LBJ to avoid a Chief Justice named by Nixon, who looked like a certainty to win the next election. Deal: Earl Warren would resign before he had intended to do so, giving LBJ first crack at naming a successor. The deal was opposed by leading Republican senators, including Howard Baker and Strom Thurmond. They spoke of the need to inquire into the philosophy of anyone named to the Court. FLASH! Therefore, why shouldn't the Democrats inquire into the philosophy of Robert Bork?

The central contention is over what kind of a Supreme Court we should have. Ever since President Eisenhower appointed Earl Warren, we had a Supreme Court that, in the course of a generation, affected social and economic policy in America more substantially than Congress did. In respect of religion, we had a Court that overthrew a century and a half's understanding of what public schools were free to do without violating the separation-of-church-and-state amendment. In respect of states' rights, the Supreme Court reached in and said the states had no rights to draw their own electoral boundaries. The equilibrium between individual rights and collective rights against crime was shattered by a string of decisions that resulted in known criminals becoming scofflaws, courtesy of the Supreme Court. In education, local school boards discovered that they no longer had a right to decide basic policy: federal courts would decide which buses should take which children to which schools.

The conservative position throughout the judicial revolution was that the Constitution had not appointed the Supreme Court to make decisions basically legislative in nature. When, therefore, the great historic moment came—the prospective resignation of Earl Warren—legislators who had taken an oath to defend the Constitution asked the only questions truly relevant. These weren't such questions as, Do you believe in abortion? Do you believe in school prayer? Do you believe in busing? Do you believe in the right of the prosecutor to introduce evidence accidentally retrieved? The questions Senator Baker and Senator Thurmond and the successful minority that filibustered against Abe Fortas wanted to ask were roughly translatable as: Do you, Mr. Fortas, believe that the Supreme Court should be the principal agent of social legislation?

Thurmond said at the time, "A man's philosophy, both his philosophy of life and his philosophy of judicial interpretation, are extremely relevant." And Howard Baker said that the Senate must "consider . . . their social, economic, and legal philosophies; and the wisdom and desirability of the appointments at this particular time." He meant by that that if Fortas believed he was being appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in order to press on with the Warren Revolution, then he ought not to be approved. And surely nothing is more relevant than the question of Senator Thurmond: What is the candidate's philosophy of judicial interpretation?

The liberals took a different position, and their hypocrisy now becomes incandescent. Think back to the Detroit nomination of Ronald Reagan, and the plank in the platform stipulating that anyone named to a federal judgeship should be a judicial moderate. There was noisy opposition to the sentence, "We will work for the appointment of judges at all levels of the judiciary who respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life." That was read as a political party's belief that judges should not arrogate authority over school prayer, the choice of schools, and abortion. The liberals took the position that any probe going beyond the character and competence of a proposed judge was a violation of judicial integrity. But the party and its candidate swept on to victory.



What the opponents of Robert Bork are saying comes down to this: 1) We believe in an activist court that does not hesitate to write social policy. 2) But that social policy must be what we favor; for which reason, 3) Bork, the legal scholar, the veteran teacher, administrator, and judge, is not fit to serve. □

IF YOU HAVE TEARS . . .

NEW YORK, SEPT. 23

THE BORK EXERCISE serves other purposes than the public ventilation of different judicial philosophies. In this sense one is reminded of the McCarthy years: there are those of us (very few, granted) who believe that nothing Joe McCarthy did (and didn't get away with) was as egregious as what his enemies did (and did get away with). Bork's nomination has got people like Edward Kennedy saying such things as that Bork on the Supreme Court would mean a return to abortion by coat hanger and black folk riding in the back of the bus.

Now it is bad enough to hear such things from politicians. We know they don't really believe it, they know we know they don't believe it, but they aren't addressing us. They are talking to an amorphous constituency out there that wants to hear terror-talk in the same way—and for related reasons—that paranoiacs need to feel threatened. It serves the purpose of convincing them that their insecurity is justified, and it gives them somebody to distrust and to hate.

But neat thought is not decocted from a speech by Edward Kennedy, any more than, as Professor Galbraith once remarked, it was ever possible to fine-tune a speech by Everett Dirksen. What truly disappoints is when admirable and learned men reach indefensible positions, as happened to A. M. Rosenthal, former executive editor

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of the *New York Times* and (I am glad to proclaim it) a close personal friend. After reading Mr. Rosenthal's column, "Robert Bork, Radical," in the *New York Times*, I felt a sensation the astronauts, I suppose, experience as they gradually find themselves outside the reach of gravity, as people should feel after reading that column.

Rosenthal's challenge is laid most directly at the doorstep of America's conservative leaders. It is a great "error," he says, to believe that Bork is "a real conservative." Now there is a sense, not evidently known to Rosenthal, in which this is true. The eminent Professor Gerhart Niemeyer, enthusiastically in favor of the Bork nomination, confesses that he would not vote for him if he were to be the single member of a U.S. Supreme Court. Mortimer Adler actually opposes the nomination—on the grounds that Bork is not a conservative, here understood as a believer in the natural law. It could be said about Bork that he is a positivist, in the company of Oliver Wendell Holmes and others who do not acknowledge any higher moral authority than the Constitution. But that is irrelevant inasmuch as what divides the Senate, and the country, isn't Bork's position on the natural law, but Bork's position on the responsibilities of the Supreme Court. Bork's position on this subject is the position of those who believe in the federal system. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, no less, in his remarks on the first day of the hearings, said, "The fact that you're a conservative doesn't bother me and it doesn't bother me if the Court becomes what is called a conservative Court because I was very critical of the Court in earlier years, when Chief Justice Warren held that position . . . I don't personally want to see another Warren Court in my lifetime."

How come? Hodding Carter is quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*: The Bork nomination "requires liberals like me to confront a reality we don't want to confront, which is that we are depending to a large part on the least democratic institution, with a small *d*, in government to defend what it is we no longer are able to win out there in the electorate." But Rosenthal, in language that belongs on bumper-stickers, writes as though the Senate were being asked to give Robert Bork the keys to the U.S. Constitution.

And if he had such keys, what would he do? "He would destroy the Bill of Rights barrier between church and state." How high that barrier should be is a continuing constitutional and political debate. But even assuming that Bork would be disposed to undo *McCollum*, permitting released time for religious instruction in the public schools, we would be as unfree as we were between 1791 and 1948, which is less than a nightmare.

Rosenthal supposes that Bork's nomination would result in the disappearance of every diaphragm and condom from the apothecary's shop, that extra-political free speech would be endangered (Bork's Court would presumably sustain a state law prescribing imprisonment for any critic who disliked the music of John Philip Sousa). In a nutshell, "Judge Bork's America would be a country where we could not turn to judges for something called justice."

Whatever happens to Bork, his nomination has documented how tenuous is the confidence of many important Americans in the durability of our society. □

PEACEDRUNK

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28

SO THE LEADER of the fight to ratify the INF treaty will be Alan Cranston. If Senator Cranston had been in charge of our defense policy over the last twenty years we would have nothing much left to bargain with except maybe the Coast Guard. But he is the appropriate vehicle for Mr. Reagan's benighted treaty: the man who always trusts the Soviet Union, always distrusts the Pentagon, and has waged war throughout his career against the military-industrial complex, not Gulag.

Meanwhile, Les Aspin, the top Democratic military man in the House, is not so sure about the INF treaty. His point is that the nuclear sacrifices promised by the Soviets do not amount to very much because even if they proceed to destroy their SS-20s, all they need to do is to build up their supply of SS-25s—which they are free to do under the INF treaty —and in due course they will match their conventional preponderance with strategic medium-range preponderance. Mr. Aspin does have a suggestion for this problem, which is that we observe strictly the terms of SALT II, which does forbid the development of a fresh weapons system. But of course, SALT II is already violated by the Soviets, and the Soviets are not even theoretically bound by an unratified treaty.

Confronted on the Brinkley program with Mr. Aspin's reservations, Secretary Shultz couldn't find much more to say than that this was the first time in history that the Soviet Union had proposed an actual reduction in strategic weapons; and that it was really wonderful, the asymmetrical shape of the thing. We would remove about 350 nuclear warheads, they would remove about 1,500 warheads.

But, the interrogator persisted, what if the Soviets should re-embark on a strategic buildup? There's no way we could ever persuade the pacifist forces in Europe to redeploy our Pershings, is there? Well, no, said the Secretary. But how can you say we would be worse off, when we are talking about an asymmetrical reduction right now?

True, we are hardly disarming, if by "we" one means the nuclear resources of the Western world. The proposed reduction amounts to 4 per cent of our total nuclear firepower, and—INF enthusiasts never tire of telling us—there are currently two thousand nuclear weapons in the European area. That's true. But to stress them is on the order of saying that we don't need more police to keep order in Harlem since, after all, we have the National Guard. It is the principal point of the treaty's opponents that there is a difference between an effective deterrent (theater nuclear weapons that stand directly in the path of an invading Soviet army) and abstract weapons, mostly situated in the Midwest or in submarines primarily under the control of the United States. It is the conventional wisdom that the United States would be reluctant to begin a nuclear world war to stop Soviet tanks backing, say, a demand for West Berlin, or points west.

GENERAL BERNARD ROGERS, who until a few months ago was head of NATO, comments on the treaty with the clipped accents of a professional soldier. "We are left without a deterrent." General Alexander Haig, also a former commander of NATO and now a presidential candidate, will testify against the treaty. Question: How is it that Europe managed to survive for four or five years without our Pershings when the Soviets had the intermediate-range monopoly with their SS-20s? Why should not Europe be better off under INF than it was between the late Seventies (when the SS-20s were deployed) and 1983 (when the countervailing Pershings began to be deployed)? Answer: a) it did not suit the Soviets' timetable to assert themselves in Europe during that period; and b) European willpower was stronger then, in favor of resistance, than it is now. In 1977, Helmut Schmidt, the Chancellor of West Germany and head of the Social Democratic Party, was demanding countervailing theater weapons from the United States. Today, his party has for all intents and purposes renounced nuclear deterrence. The anti-nuclear rhetoric of the Administration resonates through the chancelleries of Europe, and the people wonder, Why is it that the United States is now given to proclaiming its distaste for the weapon that has served to guarantee the peace of Europe for a generation?

The question is difficult to answer.

It is one of many questions we will need to ponder when this misguided treaty is presented to the Senate for confirmation, and cheered on by the likes of Alan Cranston and the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and, I guess, the Quakers. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PAUL FORD:

Right and Wrong

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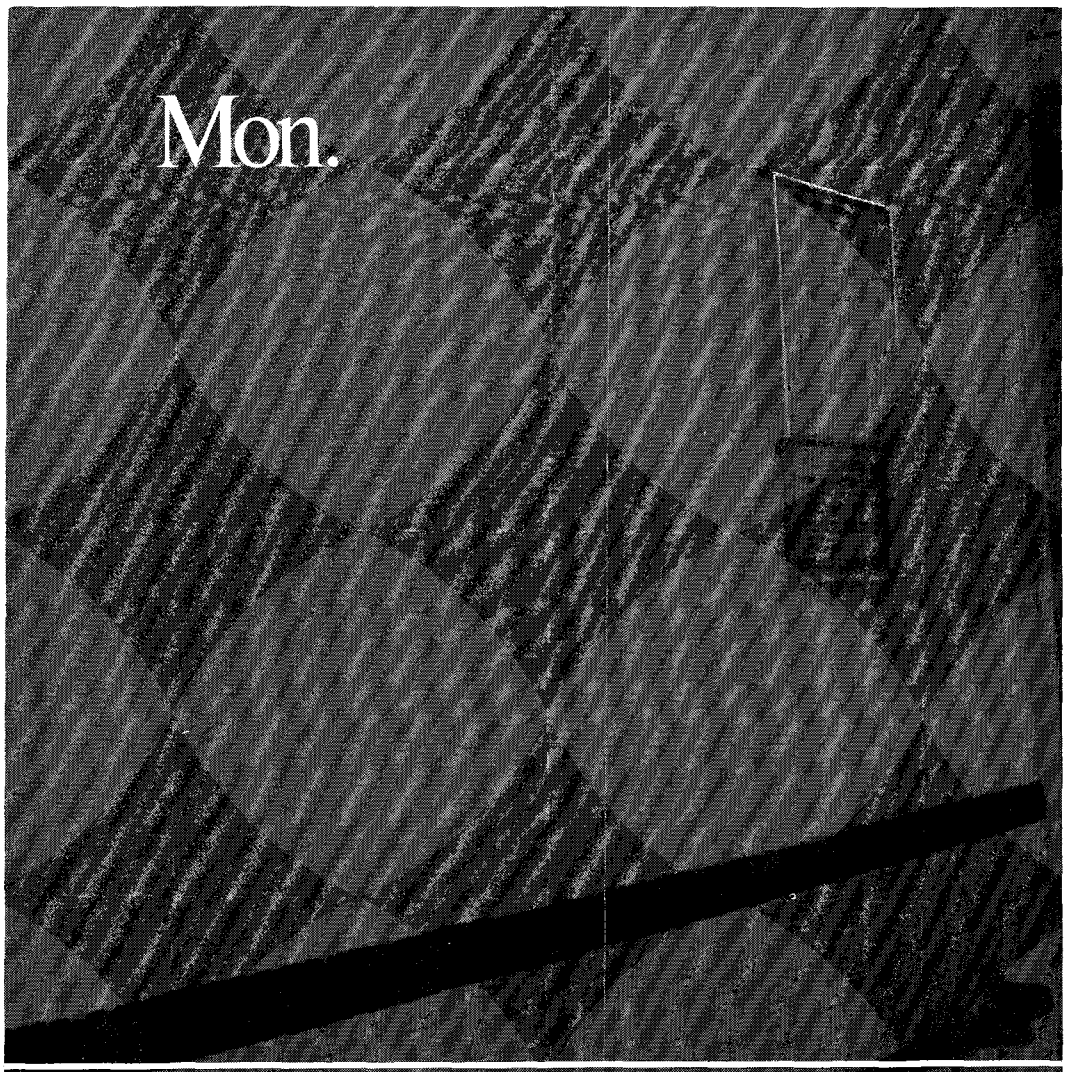

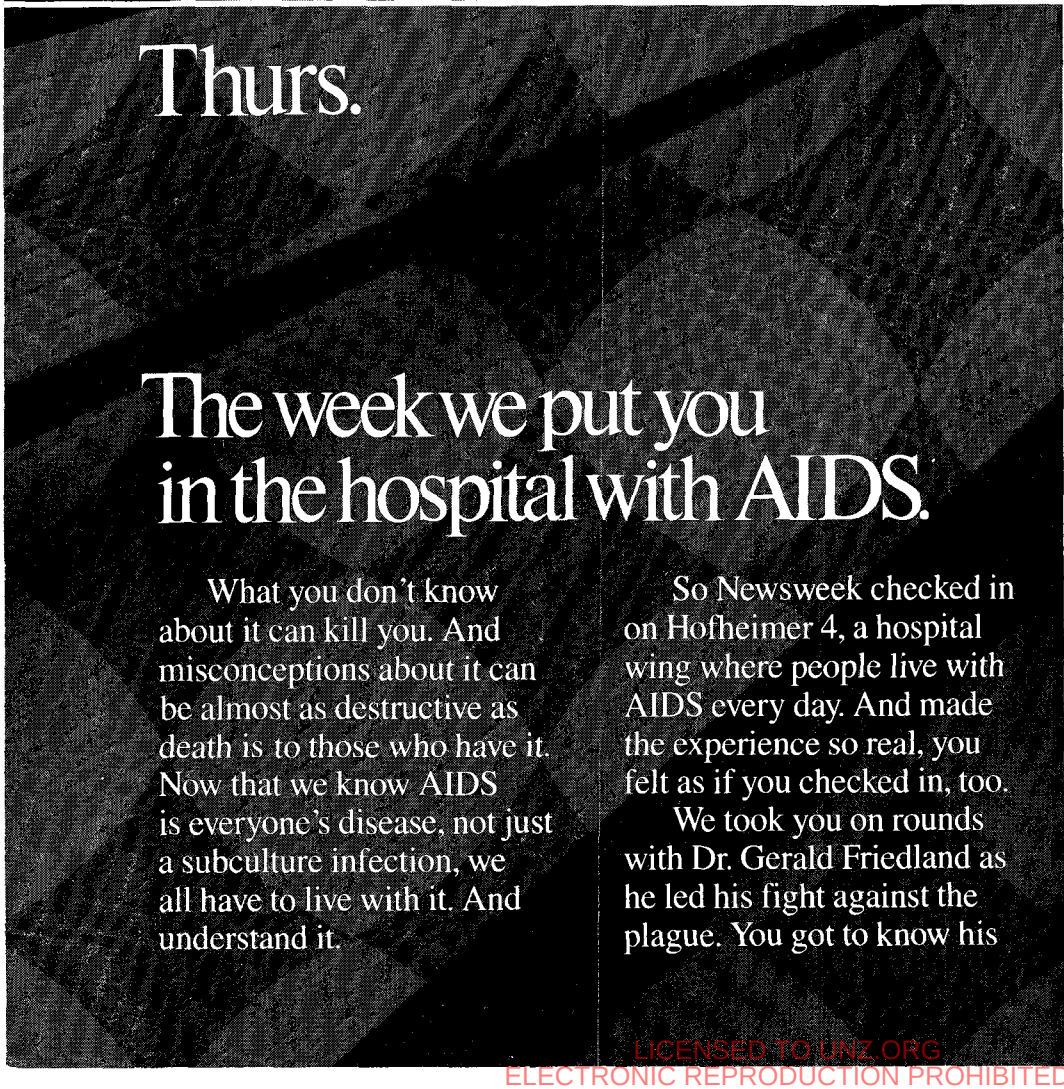

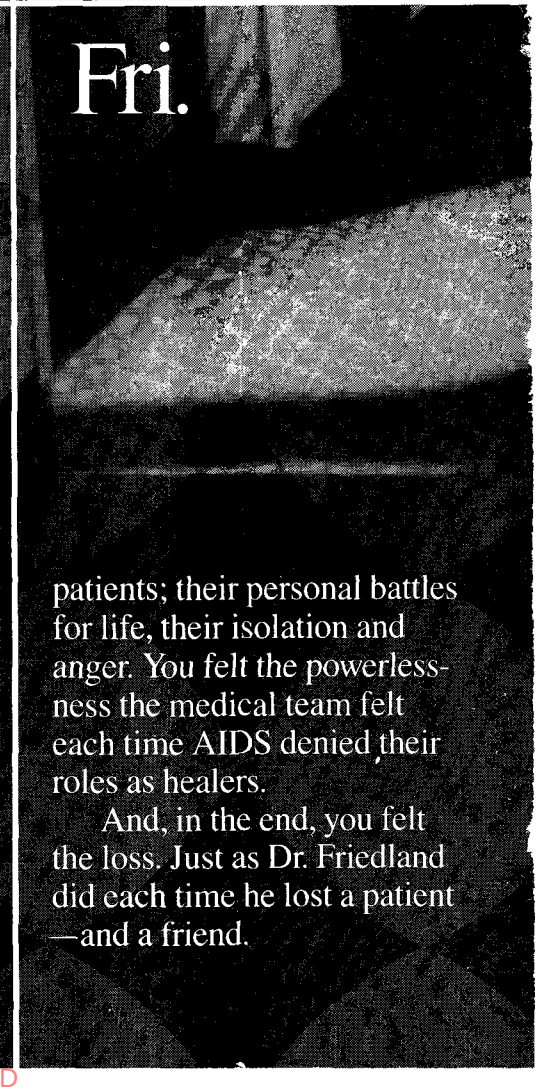

The week we put you in the hospital with AIDS.

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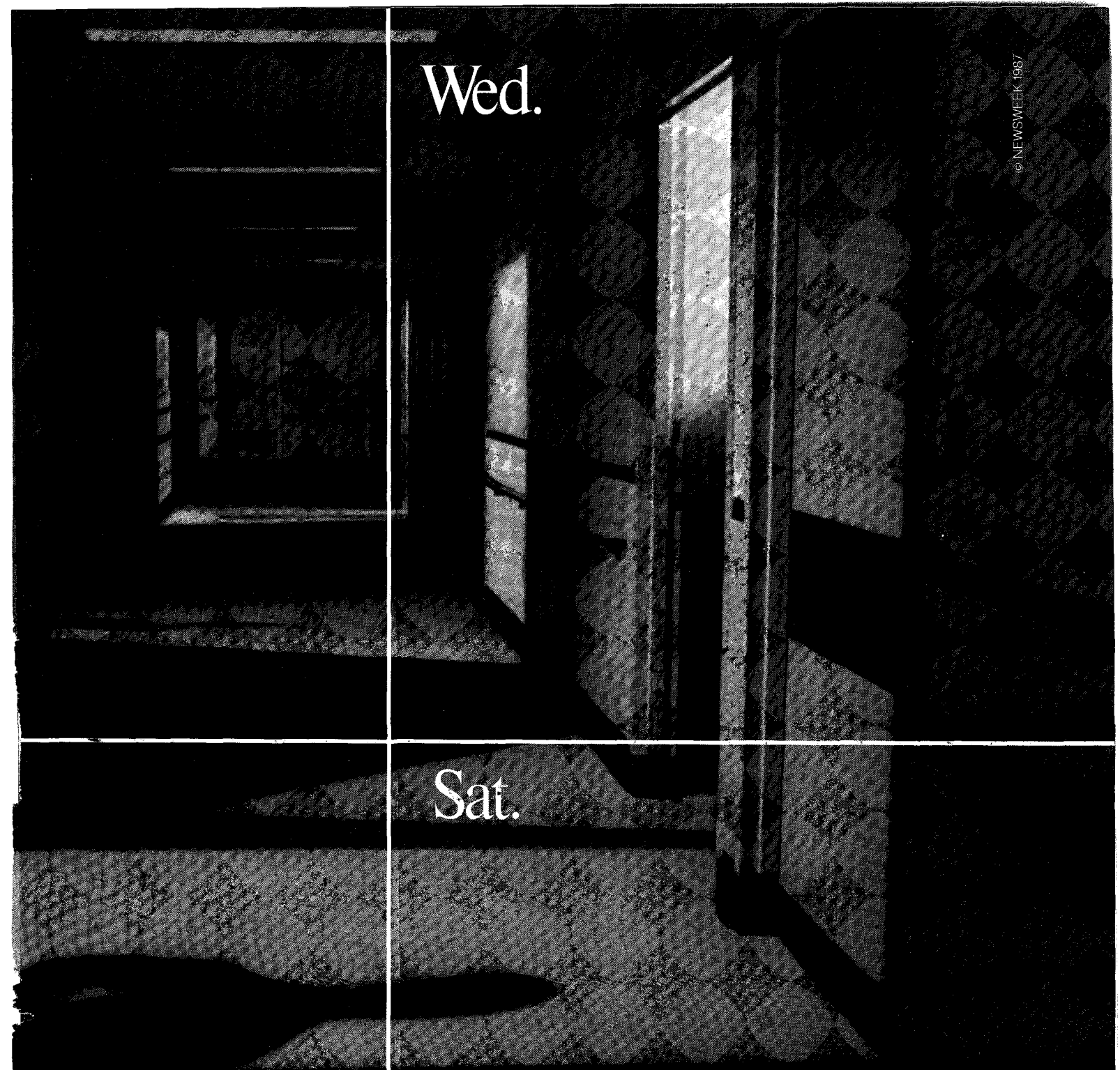

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Smith Brothers' output (2 words) — C O U G H D R O P / 87 148 174 9 75 27 45 62 115

B. "Top Forty," Fifties style (2 words) — H I T P A R A D E / 83 69 100 123 19 32 159 147 10

C. Leisure-time activities — R E C R E A T I O N / 109 37 142 88 17 117 72 49 4 138

D. Conclusion — I N F E R E N C E / 20 151 81 154 36 104 133 65 58

E. Weight-lifter's "tactics" (hyph.) — S T R O N G A R M / 91 54 153 33 110 71 7 158 18

F. Cemetery sight — T O M B S T O N E / 160 50 38 59 99 184 169 5 78

G. Greek Mount — O L Y M P U S / 139 95 60 149 170 31 8

H. Fountain-of-Youth seeker (3 words) — P O N C E D E L E O N / 77 164 51 136 166 152 84 3 145 162 21

I. Marching band's finest hour — H A L F T I M E / 73 13 180 120 46 101 140 116

J. Prosecutor's ammunition — E V I D E N C E / 111 25 161 53 135 70 129 89

K. City in southwestern California — R I V E R S I D E / 178 85 102 171 63 2 47 134 35

L. Baby balm — [illegible] L O T I O N / 66 114 127 24 157 41

M. Insurance company numbers people — A C T U A R I E S / 44 173 156 112 90 16 126 30 68

N. Lad or lass — Y O U N G S T E R / 185 137 177 93 6 22 48 64 122

O. Favorite honeymoon site (2 words) — N I A G A R A F A L L S / 14 141 105 94 1 113 132 61 39 125 175 79

P. Ogles — E Y E S / 146 96 74 106

Q. Stale (2 words) — O L D H A T / 121 131 23 55 179 82

R. They put their seals on things — N O T A R I E S / 86 124 176 150 11 26 103 42

S. Sea bird (var.) — E R N / 56 168 118

T. Military group — U N I T / 181 163 40 107

U. Lettuce variety — R O M A I N E / 57 80 12 130 92 182 98

V. Football penalty — O F F S I D E / 76 143 165 119 128 29 52

W. Affectedly nice — P R I S S Y / 34 144 183 172 155 15

X. Subject of this puzzle — E U R O P E / 108 167 97 67 43 28

1 O A	2 K S		3 H L	4 C O	5 F N	6 N G		7 E A	8 G S		9 A G	10 B E	11 R R	12 U M	13 I A	14 O N	15 W Y		16 M R	17 C E
18 E M	19 B A	20 D I	21 H N	22 N S		23 Q D	24 L I	25 J V	26 R I	27 A D	28 X E	29 V D		30 M E	31 G U	32 B R	33 E O	34 W P	35 K E	
36 D R	37 C E	38 F M	39 O A	40 T I	41 L M	42 R S		43 X P	44 M A	45 A R	46 I T	47 K I	48 N T	49 C I	50 F O	51 H N	52 V É	53 J D		54 E T
55 Q H	56 S E	57 U R	58 D E	59 F B	60 G Y		61 O F	62 A O	63 K R	64 N E	65 D C	66 L L	67 X O	68 M S	69 B I	70 J N	71 E G		72 C T	73 I H
74 P É		75 A H	76 V O	77 H P	78 F É	79 O S		80 U O	81 D F		82 Q T	83 B H	84 H E		85 K I	86 R N	87 A C	88 C R	89 J E	90 M A
91 E S	92 U I	93 N N	94 O G	95 G L	96 P Y		97 X R	98 U É	99 F S	100B T	101I I	102K V	103R É		104D É	105O A	106R S	107T T	108X É	109C R
110E N		111J E	112M U	113O R	114L [illegible]	115A P	116I É	117C A	118S N	119V S		120I F	121Q O	122N R		123B P	124R O	125O L	126M I	127L T
128V T	129J C	130U A	131Q L		132O A	133D N	134K D		135J É	136H C	137N O	138C N	139G O	140I M	141O I	142C C		143V F	144W R	145H É
146P É	147B D	148A O	149G M		150R A	151D N	152H D		153E R	154D É	155W S	156M T	157L Q	158E R	159B A	160F T	161J I	162H O	163T N	
164H O	165V F		166H É	167X U	168S R	169F O	170G P	171K É	172W S		173M C	174A U	175O L	176R T	177N U	178K R	179Q A	180I L		181T U
182U N	183W I	184F T	185N Y																	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 72 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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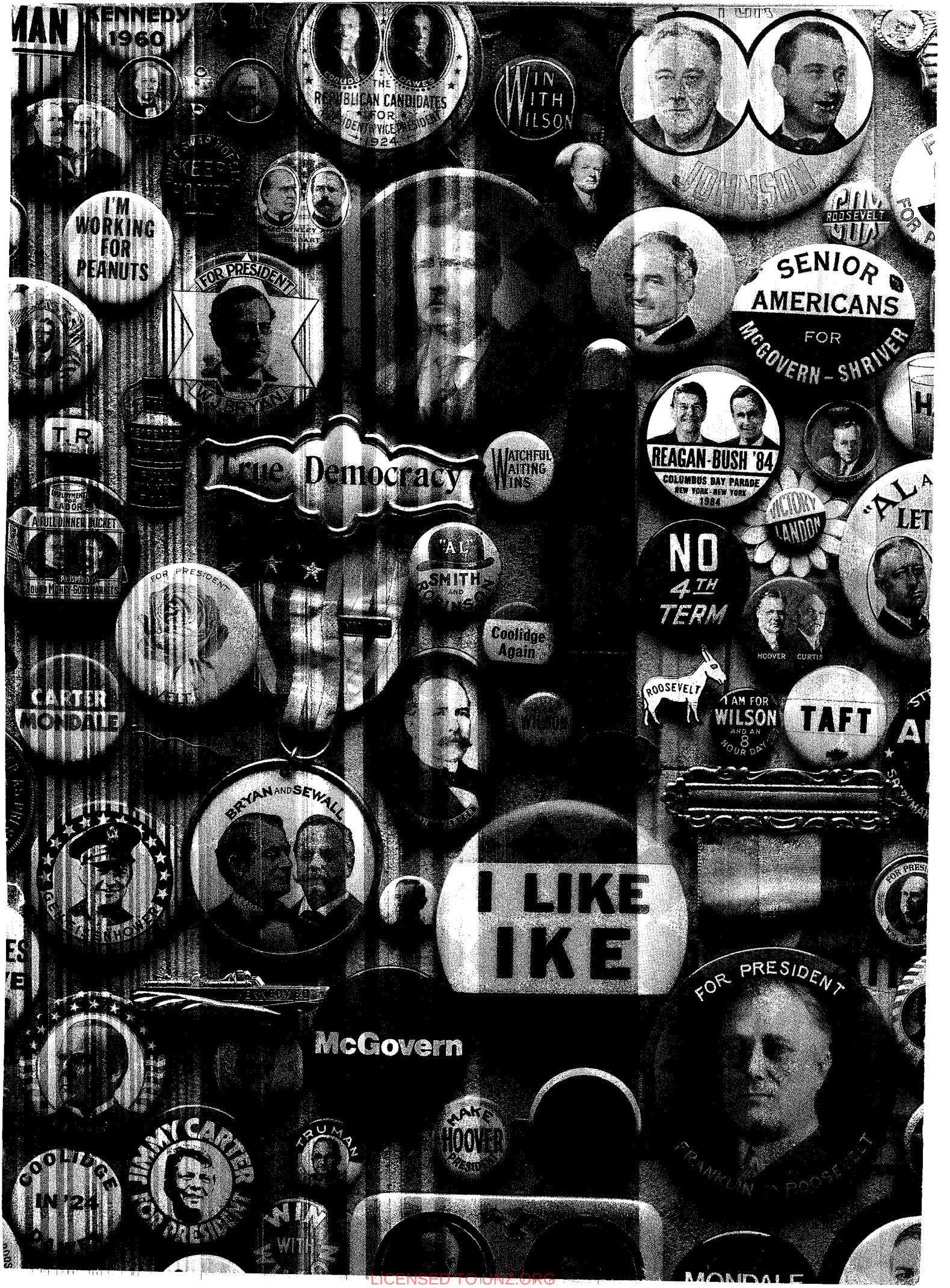

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